



No. 353.—VOL. XXVIII.

WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 1, 1899.

SIXPENCE.



MISS MABEL BEARDSLEY (SISTER TO THE LATE FAMOUS ARTIST, AUBREY BEARDSLEY).

*This clever and beautiful young actress, who has done excellent work in the provinces, makes her re-appearance to-morrow afternoon at St. George's Hall in "The Modern Craze." See also the Notes on page 56. This photograph is by Lallie Gavet-Charles, Titchfield Road, N.W.*



## THE CLUBMAN.

The imagination of all of us is following that great fleet of transports steaming across the sea with all speed to change the current of events and turn the invaded into the invaders. "When will Buller reach Pretoria?" is, perhaps, the dominant question of the moment. I have it at second-hand that Sir Redvers thinks that the British flag may float over Pretoria in the early days of February, but Sir Redvers is not accustomed to deliver prophecies or to make confidences. To a lady who asked him if his plans for the campaign were a secret, he replied, "Not at all! When I have got my men together, I shall go as straight as possible and as quickly as possible to Pretoria," information which would not help the Boers if it came to their ears any more than it did the lady. As a matter of fact, any soldier, from indications that have been given, could foreshadow the main strategic moves of the campaign of invasion, but that, in print at least, no soldier would be so imprudent as to do.

I have it on reliable authority that the Household Cavalry is not to be without its representatives in the Boer War. The "tin-bellies" have been aggrieved that they alone, of all branches of the service, have not a regiment at the front, and it is arranged that a composite regiment, drawn from the two regiments of Life Guards and the Blues, will be sent out.

The Captain Paton whom one of his men tried to shield from the rain and the cold as he lay wounded on the hillside by holding him through the night in his arms, is the son of Sir Joseph Noel Paton, Her Majesty's Limner for Scotland.

In the Military Clubs it was persistently rumoured last Sunday week that something had happened to the 18th Hussars. No one knew how the rumour had its origin; all that was known was that the War Office had some information that it had not given out. Three days later the rumour respecting the capture of the squadron had its confirmation.

The losses among our troops will be very severely felt by Anglo-Indian society, and "Poor 'Jabber' Chisholme! Poor Johnny Sherston!" will have been in the mouths of many men and many women throughout India. The first—bright, quick, humorous, impulsive—was welcome everywhere. In the Punjab, where he served with his two regiments, he was known and liked from Peshawar to Delhi, and there were always expressions of pleasure in the Simla United Service Club when it was known that Chisholme was coming upon leave to Simla. Colonel Sherston was also a *persona grata* in the summer capital, not only as being Lord Roberts's nephew, but also because of his own sunny temperament. He was always cheerful. It is sad that he leaves a wife and a family of children. When one thinks of the wives and the children left with very meagre pensions, one feels that Lord Kitchener was right in insisting that the Egyptian Army should accept only the services of bachelor officers. It seems harsh to condemn officers to celibacy, but a fighting army, as distinct from a garrison army, should have as few home ties as possible. A married man fights just as pluckily as a single one, but if he is killed there are so many heart-strings that are wrung.

Major Denne-Denne's death will be felt by many of the older generation of the dwellers in Cairo. He was most faithful to Egypt in the 'eighties, and was in all the fighting that went on in that country during that decade.

General Symons' death has been compared to that of Nelson, Wolfe, Moore; but it seems to me that the death of Sir Richard Grenville in the hands of the Spaniards is the nearest parallel. One has only to recall Lord Tennyson's lines in "The Revenge" to see how alike the two heroes were in character and in their ending.

Colonels Plumer and Baden-Powell are both old Carthusians, and were at the school at the same time. Their schoolfellows, describing them at that period, say that Plumer was a boy who was always spoiling for a fight, while Baden-Powell was a very amusing boy and a good actor. Charterhouse is one of the schools at which acting is encouraged, and it has turned out a large number of good actors, professional and amateur. Forbes-Robertson heads the list of the professionals, and the Baden-Powells, Mackinnon, and Tassell are well-known names amongst the amateurs.

Messrs. Mackinnon and Tassell were, I notice, amongst the enterprising amateurs who last Friday and Saturday acted at Tunbridge Wells Browning's tragedy of "Strafford." They played Strafford and the King. Mr. Alderson, the private secretary to the Lord Chancellor, played Pym. The two first-named gentlemen are members of that doyen of amateur dramatic clubs, the Old Stagers.

The Windsor Strollers, a club of amateurs which ranks next to the Old Stagers, play this year "Jim the Penman" and "A Pair of Spectacles" during their week at Windsor at the end of November.

That the Chinese Ambassador should have attended the *première* of "San Toy," and should have brought his wife with him, was a great compliment to Mr. George Edwardes, for it showed a confidence in his good-taste, and a confidence that no jokes would be cracked at the expense of the Chinese Emperor; and none were. The Emperor is not introduced in person, as the Mikado is in the opera of that name; but Mr. Morton's China is the China of 1899, whereas Mr. Gilbert's Japan is dated "Once upon a time." This, however, did not save "The Mikado" from official attention in Japan.

I was staying at Yokohama, and a travelling British comic-opera troupe passed through on their way from California to Hong-Kong. They announced a performance of "The Mikado," but had to pull down their bills and announce "Three Little Maids from School" instead. Official pressure had been brought to bear, and we saw the Gilbert-Sullivan opera with the character of the Mikado omitted.

## THE WAR—WEEK BY WEEK.

Swiftly indeed has the tide of events been moving in the theatre of war within the last few days. Although scarcely more than three weeks have elapsed since the outbreak of hostilities, four pitched battles and a number of minor engagements have already been fought. In practically every one of these, pronounced success has attended our arms, and it has thus been amply demonstrated that "A Little British Army" goes a remarkably long way indeed. Gratifying, however, as is such a result, one cannot help—even in the moment of victory—pausing for a moment to give a thought to the heavy toll we have had to pay for it in the lives of brave men who have fallen. General Symons (whose wound was alluded to in these columns last week) died at Dundee on the 23rd ult. Only a day or two before, Her Majesty had cabled her gracious message of approbation of the splendid soldierly qualities he had displayed on the Glencoe battlefield. Now he sleeps (the Union Jack around him) within a few miles of the spot where he had so gallantly led our men to victory.

Very heavy, too, has been the casualty list among the lower ranks. In scanning this (which, by the way, amounted to over seven hundred at the beginning of the week) one cannot help being struck by the unduly large proportion of officers who unhappily figure therein. Of course, it is the place of the commissioned ranks to lead their men in the advance (and thus to occupy the posts of honour in the firing-line), but, at the same time, it almost seems as if, in so doing, instances of unnecessary self-sacrifice had occurred. While never ceasing to impress upon their subordinates the necessity of taking advantage of cover to the greatest possible extent, our officers are but little prone to regard this precept as being in any way applicable to themselves. In connection with this, it is worthy of note that, in the German Army (the personal valour of whose officers has never been impugned), the greatest stress is laid upon the importance of this matter.

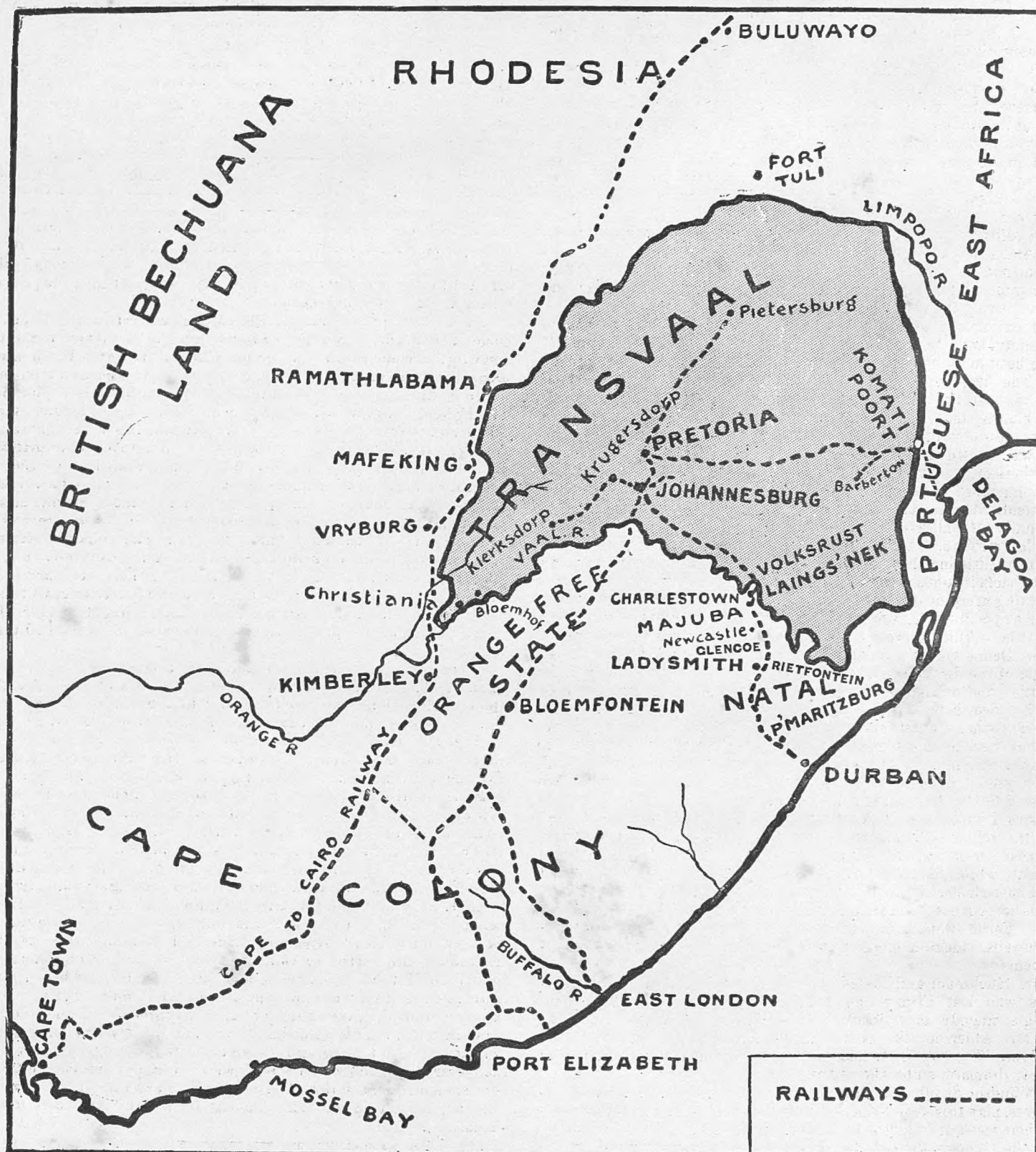
Since the brilliant action at Eland's Laagte (referred to in last week's issue), Sir George White successfully engaged the enemy at Rietfontein. Leaving Ladysmith early on the morning of the 24th ult., he proceeded along the Newcastle road, and, seven miles from his camp, encountered a strong force of Boers in position on a mountain-ridge. The brunt of the fighting (which lasted until noon) was borne by the Gloucester Regiment. On the same day, the bombardment of Mafeking was commenced by Commandant Cronjé's commandoes, and continued on the following morning. As telegraphic communication in this vicinity is unfortunately still interrupted, the result of the attack cannot be definitely ascertained. However, as Colonel Baden-Powell is strongly intrenched, there is not the least likelihood of the enemy getting on the business side of Mafeking gates for some little time to come. His garrison, too, is reported to be well armed and adequately provisioned. Altogether, Mafeking has every chance of holding out until reinforcements arrive. In the Indian Mutiny and Franco-German Campaigns numbers of instances occurred where posts protected by little more than earthworks resisted for months the attacks of numerically superior forces.

While these events were in progress, General Yule had been falling back on Ladysmith, with the intention of joining Sir George White there. This object he effected last Thursday, after a long and hard march. His action in abandoning Dundee (which was rather adversely commented upon at the time by the *ex-cathedra* critics of the evening press) has been amply justified by the information contained in the latest telegrams. According to this, it seems that General Joubert, with a large force in reserve, suddenly descended upon Glencoe, at the moment that the already beaten Boers were being pursued by our cavalry, and menaced Dundee. After the British victory at Glencoe, the General in command detached some of his mounted troops to complete the discomfiture of the retreating enemy. The effect of this manoeuvre, however, was not altogether fortunate, for a squadron of the 18th Hussars, including the Colonel, were themselves captured by the Boers and taken to Pretoria as prisoners of war. General Yule then ascertaining that the enemy, who largely outnumbered him, were massing on the heights, communicated with Sir George White. By him he was told to retire gradually upon Ladysmith, and, at the same time, Sir George led a force to meet him, with the intention of preventing his being intercepted. Encountering the Free State force at Rietfontein (as has been mentioned), he accomplished this object. Two days later, General Yule, with his garrison, reached Ladysmith in safety, having, before leaving Dundee, made every arrangement for the care of the wounded. In doing this, it is interesting to note, he carried out what proved to be the last order of the late General Symons.

In other portions of the strategical area there has been less movement on the whole, and the situation, consequently, presents but little change. From Kimberley, however, news has come to the effect that an engagement took place near the town on the 24th ult. In this the Boer Commandant, Botha, was killed and a severe defeat was inflicted on his troops. On our own side three were killed and twenty-one were wounded. The native difficulty has again arisen, and much depends on the attitude that the Basutos will ultimately assume. At the time of writing, however, they are loyal to ourselves. With regard to the concentration of forces, almost every day sees the arrival of reinforcements to our arms in South Africa. Among the transports that have lately arrived at Capetown was the *Zayathla* with one and a-half batteries of Field Artillery on board, and by the 7th inst. General Hilliard's entire brigade is due. Accordingly, General Buller (who has just landed) will soon be in command of no less than 75,000 men.



## THE THEATRE OF WAR.



The main interest during the last few days has centred round Dundee, Rietfontein, Ladysmith, Mafeking, and Kimberley. From the first-named place General Yule commenced his famous march on Ladysmith, which he reached on the 26th ult. Two days before this, General White engaged the enemy at Rietfontein (near Ladysmith), and inflicted considerable loss on them. On our own side, 13 were killed and 23 wounded. The brunt of the fighting on this occasion was sustained by the Gloucester and Liverpool Regiments. At Mafeking, two days' bombardment was commenced on the 29th ult. The enemy, however, were driven off. On the same date, an action was fought at Riverton Road Station, close to Kimberley (Colonel Kekewich in command). In this, General Botha, the Boer Commandant, was killed, and his men routed. As we go to press, Sir George White is girding his loins to repel General Joubert's attack in force at Ladysmith.



## "THE BLACK TULIP," AT THE HAYMARKET.

One may wonder what amount of excitement would be caused nowadays if a gardener succeeded in producing a black tulip. No doubt there would be a number of articles in the newspapers full of second-hand learning, and for years the flower would figure in the "fill-up par.," but very soon the public would demand a more thrilling subject. Matters were different in the days of our William of Orange, ere he was King of England, but merely Stadtholder of Holland, and, alas, conniver at the murder of the de Witts, for the tulip was to the Dutch as to-day the racer to the English, and such a price even as nearly five thousand florins was paid for a single bulb—a price which, taking in account the relative values of money, exceeds any sum given by our millionaires for an orchid. No doubt, there was much humbug about the tulip mania: there were thousands of genuine tulipomaniacs, but, to many, this genus of the order of *Liliaceæ* was a mere matter of speculation—they bought and sold tulips as if they were "Berthas" or any other instrument of Stock Exchange gambling, and did not know a Van Thol from a Tulipa Gesneriana, could not even perhaps have told the bulb of the tulip from the humble "Murphy."

In those days, when it was known that the reward of a hundred thousand florins—think what a sum of about £8350 meant in those times!—offered by the Haarlem Horticultural Society to anyone who could produce a perfect black tulip had been earned, the excitement was prodigious, so prodigious that even the Stadtholder came to present the reward and give the flower the name of the happy gardener. Who was the gardener? Apparently Isaac Boxtel of Dordrecht, who presented this blue rose of the tulip world, demanded the money, and required that the flower should be called the "Tulipa Nigra Boxteliensis"; but at the moment of his triumph, and ere it was at its crown, Rosa Gryphus, daughter of the grim jailer of the prison of the Buytenhof, appeared before William and alleged she had grown the flower and Boxtel had stolen it. The Stadtholder held a summary trial, and Rosa told her tale. The true parent of the tulip was Dr. Cornelis van Baerle, citizen of Dordrecht, godson of the great Cornelis de Witt. Dr. van Baerle was such an enthusiastic horticulturist and bad citizen that, like an Archimedes busy scribbling in the sand when his native city was captured, he played with his pet tulips at the time of terrible storm and stress in his country. His labours caused him to grow three bulbs, each, in his opinion, certain to produce a perfect black tulip. The foolish gardener showed his treasures to Boxtel, a rival, who lived next-door, and Boxtel, greedy for the prize and false glory, resolved to commit any crime in order to get hold of them. His crime came easily. Cornelis de Witt, flying from injustice, came to see Van Baerle, and confided to him a packet of dangerous papers. This was seen by Boxtel, who told the soldiers who were in search of de Witt of the interview. The poor fellow was arrested, and charged with high treason. Since, instead of defending himself rationally, he merely made idiotic remarks to the tribunal about tulip-growing, he was condemned to death, but the execution was suspended till the new Stadtholder had time to ratify it. In the prison he met the pretty Rosa. Youth appealed to youth and distress to woman-kindness. Ere the young man had ceased to think that the tulip was the first thing in the world, the girl's heart had told her that Van Baerle was the only thing in the universe, and this almost led to a quarrel, since she became very jealous of the tulip. However, Rosa was an honest girl, and faithfully carried out her sweetheart's instructions as to planting and tending one of the bulbs. The second was treated for a while by the gardener in his cell, then destroyed by Gryphus, the jailer, a cruel brute. The third, wrapped up in a piece of paper, which, though Van Baerle did not know it, proved his innocence, remained in the bosom of the maid. Now, Boxtel, when he found that the bulbs were not hidden anywhere in the owner's house, suspected he had taken them to jail with him, so, under a false name, he made friends with Gryphus and spied upon the lovers. The first bulb grew splendidly, and became a real, flawless black tulip. After many efforts, Boxtel succeeded in stealing it and running away to Haarlem with his prize, whither he was followed by Rosa and also Van Baerle to have his sentence of execution carried out. Rosa's tale staggered William of Orange, and when Boxtel was confronted with her his guilt became obvious, and he fell into a simple little trap which demonstrated his wickedness. So the tulip was called the "Tulipa Nigra Rosa Baerliensis," its real grower was pardoned, and had the honour of becoming son-in-law to the gloomy Gryphus.

It is a pretty story, very edifying with its touch of poetical justice, and it has the advantage of an excellent performance. Miss Winifred Emery in the part of Rosa is quite delightful, and looked fascinating in the quaint Dutch costumes. Mr. Cyril Maude may not have been quite at his best as Van Baerle, but played cleverly and with effect. Mr. Sydney Valentine was an ideal Gryphus, but not an ideal jailer, and sincere praise may be given to Mr. Frederick Harrison, Mr. Tyler, and Mr. Samuel Johnson. The piece is prettily mounted—at least, the last act of all presents quite a fascinating picture of old Holland, with a mixture of quaint national costumes and gorgeous Court-dresses.—E. F. S.

Mr. Charles Wyndham has specially engaged Mr. Arthur Bourchier to play the part of Squire Chivy in "David Garrick," at the opening of his new theatre. It is eight years since Mr. Bourchier served under Mr. Wyndham's banner, as Charles Courtly and Joseph Surface, in the Criterion productions of "London Assurance" and "The School for Scandal."

## THE ENTERPRISE OF "MR. PUNCH."

[QUITE A NOVELTY.—*The Sketch*, for October 18, invented it. It gave a photograph of Mr. ARTHUR CHUDLEIGH and described it as Mr. DION BOUCICAULT, while an excellent portrait of Mr. DION BOUCICAULT, at page 583, did duty for Mr. ARTHUR CHUDLEIGH, lessee of the Court Theatre. Funny idea for new set of "puzzle-portraits": give various portraits with any names underneath, and offer a prize to anyone spotting the original of the portrait.]—*Punch*, Oct. 25, 1899.

Two weeks ago, a wondrous tale  
Was handed lip to lip,  
And readers of *The Sketch* grew pale  
To note a printer's slip.

One week: and then to heaven's vault  
Went up the awful rumour  
That *Punch* had noted *Sketch's* fault,  
But with his usual humour.

Now, DION, bid your brows unbend,  
And ARTHUR's wrath arrest,  
For, by your aid, our oldest friend  
Has gibed a special jest.

## KILLARNEY: "THE SALE OF THE CENTURY."

There is a good deal of mystery about Killarney. The sale is rapidly approaching, and the mystery is deepened by there being "a lady in the case."

Needless to say, it is a "big thing"; many people call it the sale of the century. Royalty has been approached, and Royalty *may* be a bidder, for it was the general impression, when an Irish Royal residence was mooted, that Muckross would be the place. Lord Iveagh has been spoken of in this connection, and the Killarney Development Syndicate has already made an offer privately of £40,000. Through that infallible medium, the American Press, we have heard that Sir Thomas Lipton has offered £50,000, but of this neither the auctioneers, Messrs. James H. North and Co., the vendors, nor anyone in Ireland has heard anything from Sir Thomas. A London Society paper has given authoritative particulars of the purchaser, the amount paid, and the successful management of the sale, which does not, strange to say, come off till the 21st inst.; and there are, of course, the "official" announcements about American millionaire buyers.

But suppose the purchaser was not a man at all, but a lady. Messrs. North, the world-renowned auctioneers, have to be the discreetest of the discreet for business reasons, but admit that the keenest demand at present is from an Irish quarter, and that the purchaser will not necessarily be a man. The sale will be practically without reserve, and the outside public, at least, expect the price to go nearer £100,000 than £50,000. There are any amount of possible buyers, and the most prominent are, fortunately, Irish; but there is a very great inquiry for the rentals from England, especially London. It is certain that the Muckross Estate, so many years belonging to the Herbert family, will be sold. Absolutely nothing can yet be said as to whether the public will be still admitted.

The land for sale contains fourteen thousand acres. Sassenach visitors by this time know more about Killarney than Killarney knows about itself, thanks to the incomparable service of the London and North-Western Company and the various Irish development syndicates, but a few particulars of the estate may be worth recalling. The shooting in the three deer-forests, for instance, has no rival in Ireland, and the herd consists of three hundred head. Excellent authorities have called the woodcock-shooting the best in the United Kingdom, and, amongst other things, forty thousand salmon were turned out last year. There is a Mansion House which cost thirty thousand pounds; there are waterfalls, bridges, an abbey, a Devil's Punch-Bowl (guaranteed), lakes, and various islands—all these are called "premises" in the official statement—including the most unsurpassable parts of Killarney, and Wordsworth called that "the finest portion of the British Isles." The demesne surrounds the Middle Lake of Killarney.

The tourist will remember disbursing certain moneys at various parts of Muckross. These tolls bring in more than a thousand pounds a-year; but the "tourist traffic" can be stopped by the new purchaser if he likes—or should it be, she likes? But would it not be paltry, even for an Irish landlord, to think of a mere thousand pounds a-year in connection with Killarney?

HILL ROWAN.

Even the highest appointments do not reconcile some Scotchmen to life all the year round in their own country. It is now quite taken for granted that Lord President Robertson is to succeed the late Lord Watson as a Lord of Appeal. The salary cannot be a consideration. As head of the Court of Session, he receives £5000, and he will get only £1000 more by coming to London, where he will be regarded with much less awe than he is in Edinburgh. Lord Robertson, however, likes London. He became a favourite in Society when he was Lord Advocate. Lawyers in general and Lords Advocate in particular fail as Parliament men, but "J. P. B." (as James Patrick Bannerman Robertson used to be called) proved himself a capital debater, and took considerable part in general politics. Perhaps he hopes to play a leading rôle in the House of Lords. He has a very neat figure, and has always been a well-dressed man.





COLONEL ALDERSON, COMMANDING 1st BATTALION MOUNTED INFANTRY IN SOUTH AFRICA

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY CHARLES KNIGHT, ALDERSHOT.



## THE SPANISH WOMAN.

I first heard of it just after our marriage. He came home—it was *he* then—raving in set terms of art concerning the picture.

I might have compiled a vocabulary from his ravings which would have enabled me to set up as an art critic. His ultimate phrase was unclassic; it was “absolutely stunning.”

“Why didn’t you buy it?” I asked.

“I offered old Doughty £100, and he jeered.”

I gasped as much as Doughty jeered—£100 was an awful sum then.

Five years after, old Doughty died, and my husband went to a sale of his pictures and things; he came back gloomy. He told me that young Doughty was there, and he could not bid against him. They made an arrangement: the artist’s son was to bid up to £30, and the husband to what amount he pleased. It went for £7 10s.!

I took him to “The Sorrows of Satan,” to cheer him. It didn’t.

Lately, young Doughty went bankrupt—ignorance of book-keeping was his explanation to the creditors.

My husband was on the war-path again. He asked young Doughty to dinner, and said he meant to buy the picture.

The young artist raised his paint-stained hands in horror.

“It’s accursed! It has the evil eye! The Gynor bought it for £50, and worshipped it. Whenever he was rich, people tempted him with splendid offers, and when he was poor he couldn’t sell it. He once pawned it for £3. The beastly thing has ruined me. I loathe and love it. I’ve been offered £200 for it—when I was flush.”

“And refused?”

“Yes, worse luck! Last year, when I’d sold my Academy picture, a rich Australian came to the studio. He was just about to buy ‘The Gem’ for £600—‘The Gem’ is an old Salon sixteen-footer—when he saw ‘The Garrido,’ and said, ‘Who painted that ugly thing?’

“Oh, it’s nothing,” I replied; but he went and gazed and fell victim to the ugly Spanish woman, and offered £50, then £100, then £200.

“I was firm; he got shirty, and stalked out of the place. ‘The Gem’ will be in the sale, but don’t buy ‘The Garrido.’ It’ll bring bad luck.”

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TELEGRAMS: HOTEL ALBEMARLE, LONDON.

I pointed proudly to the peacock-feathers in a big jar.

“We’ve had them since we were married, and are happy and prosperous,” I observed.

“Oh, the Spanish woman will lick peacocks’ feathers at any weight,” he answered.

My husband went to the sale and brought back the picture in a cab. He paid only £7—but £2 more than the cost of its latest frame!

I looked with great curiosity at the work of art, undoubtedly a superb piece of painting. It represented a young Spanish woman, full-face, with a passionate, sensual, scowling countenance, eyes that followed you about the room, and black hair which somehow stood out against a black ground. She was an ugly woman, and yet fascinating—not one of the *laidés charmeuses*: it was fascination, not charm.

We hung the picture over the mantelpiece in the dining-room and raved about it during dinner, and came back a dozen times after dinner to gaze at it; the husband even stopped tying trout-casts to visit “the Spanish woman.”

“Luck!” he said, “hang luck!” and he stuck a peacock-feather in the frame.

It may have been mere coincidence, but there came unexpectedly a “slump” in the husband’s Bar-work, he got “broken” in the first Thames trout he ever hooked, a plate of soup was spilled over my best new frock, the moths got into my furs, the parlour-maid caught the measles and the dog distemper. All these trifles were within a month; but we were resolute, placid, and philosophic.

A friend, hearing us talk, and admiring the picture, offered us £50. We jeered; he left for Jericho.

One night I heard a strange noise in the flat. I did not awaken the husband; he has theories about not attacking burglars, but is very hot-headed. I crept down to the dining-room. There was a noise inside. I burst open the door, saying all in a breath, “You’d better go quickly and leave everything. I’ve rung the call for police, boy-messenger, cab, doctor, and fire-escape; you’ve just time to get away.” A cat, a mere harmless puss-cat, bolted past me; the cat was the burglar. I gave a sigh of delight.

I went to close the window. The blind was up; the moon streamed in.

I chanced to look at the Spanish woman; she was looking at me, staring, glaring. I gasped, then walked bravely towards her a step or two. The eyes were opened wider than usual, and there was a fierce light in them. My legs tottered. The head seemed to emerge from the background, or did emerge. The nostrils dilated, the lips trembled, and then moved in speech.

My mouth grew dry; I tried to scream; my tongue merely clattered. In a moment all the ghost stories I had ever read passed through my mind.

A subdued storm of words rushed from the thick lips, and teeth gleamed within them. The language was foreign; the voice like that of Bernhardt when she curses in a whisper. The head advanced, fury in the face, mad glare in the eyes. The frame became a kind of black mist.

Nearer, nearer; I could feel her breath. I thanked God silently that she had no arms, and put up my trembling hands to keep her off. Suddenly strength came to my legs. I rushed across the room, stumbled over a chair, and fell. The head turned. I could see coarse black curls on the nape of its neck as it turned. Closer it came, closer, but slowly. Only a foot or two separated the face from mine, and I was paralysed.

“She’s a vampire,” I thought. “She will suck my blood.”

Closer—only an inch off, when all at once my muscles awoke and I fled from the room, banging the door.

I said nothing at breakfast to my husband about the matter; he is very sympathetic, but somewhat sceptical and quizzical.

At eleven a.m. the housemaid and I took down the picture—at least, I looked on and she took it down. There seemed nothing abnormal about it.

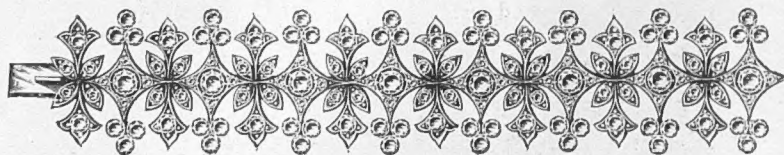
Then we put it into a cab.

The dealer refused to give more than £5 for it.

Hitherto *he* and I have never had a quarrel. I suppose that such a Garden of Eden state of affairs could not last for ever. G. F.-S.

## PRESENTATION TO MRS. ALDERMAN TRELOAR.

St. Bride’s Institute, Fleet Street, was the scene of a very pleasing function on the 20th ult., when, upon the occasion of the honouring of the election of Mr. Alderman Treloar, J.P., to the office of Sheriff, the opportunity was taken by those who are associated with Mr. Treloar in his official capacity to mark the esteem in which Mrs. Treloar is held,



by presenting her with a handsome diamond bracelet. Made from an original design, and consisting entirely of the finest brilliants specially selected, the ornament was most artistic in its construction and beautiful in effect, and won the highest praise from the donors. The bracelet, an illustration of which is given, was manufactured by Messrs. Wilson and Gill, of 134, Regent Street, W.



## SMALL TALK OF THE WEEK.

This is the first time in modern history that the Heir-Apparent of a great empire has happened to be visiting this country amidst the clash and clangour of war's alarms. The Tsarevitch has lately had an opportunity of seeing several Highland regiments in battle-array, and, now that he has come south, he will have the pleasure of hearing the latest news from the front before most of us can do so, for, of course, the Prince of Wales, with whom the Grand Duke spends most of his time when in London, is forwarded every despatch the moment it arrives from South Africa.

Hitherto, those Russian and German Royal personages who have visited our shores have been very apt to regard Queen Victoria's Army rather as a toy hobby than as anything more serious. Although, when actually assisting at a review, they are, of course, loud in their praises, they are more outspoken when they reach home. This is one of the reasons why the German Press waxed so contemptuous over the idea that Tommy Atkins would have any chance against the Boers, many of whom have, from a military point of view, been "made" in Germany. Abroad, the rumour gains ground that the Heir-Presumptive to the Russian throne has come to this country for a wife; it must, however, be admitted that such a marriage would at the present moment be very unpopular both in Russia and in Germany.

The lamented General Symons, hero of the fight at Smith's Hill, was a member of an old West Country family, his ancestors having been settled for some generations at Hatt, in Cornwall. The family is of Norman origin, and its members were people of importance as far back as the end of the fifteenth century. Hatt, their estate near Botus Fleming, has been in their possession at least since 1665. Of Sir William's great-great-uncle, Nicholas Symons, who left his native county and settled at Liverpool, a strange but, I believe, well-authenticated story is told. He left his home in consequence of some disagreement with his father, and assumed the name of Sherwood, which he bore for many years. Eventually, however, he succeeded to the family estate, and, dying without issue, the grandfather of the hero of Smith's Hill inherited Hatt.

This story, or tradition, is to some extent borne out by the name of Sherwood having, since his time, been perpetuated in the family. Sir William's second name of Penn comes from his grandmother, Agnes Penn, who, according to an inscription in Botus Fleming Church, was a descendant of that historical William Penn after whom the State of Pennsylvania was called. The family of Symons is an honoured one in the Mining County, and the sad news of the General's death will be nowhere more deplored than in the district where he and his forbears were born and bred.

It says much for modern tact and good-breeding that the occupants of the Ladies' Gallery of the House of Commons behaved so civilly to one another during the stormy war-debates of last week. It was curious to see Mrs. Joseph Chamberlain and Mrs. John Dillon sitting side by side and hearing their respective husbands flinging abusive epithets across the House. Mrs. Asquith, whose husband, of course, supports the Government at the present juncture, seemed quite in her element, and served as a link between the opposing parties. Never have

tickets for the Ladies' Gallery been more in request than during the late Session, and the fact that they had to be balloted for added the zest of uncertainty.

Those members' wives, however, who are familiar with the ropes are well aware that, by simply going down and waiting for a while, the moment will come when they will probably be able to slip in. Even the most determined of fair politicians becomes wearied at last of the cramped seats and semi-darkness which are the distinctive features of the horrible little cage which compares so unfavourably with the charming quarters assigned to the Peeresses in the House of Lords. Mr. and Mrs. Chamberlain are intimately acquainted with the family of Lady Symons, long established in Birmingham and Edgbaston. Mr. Austen Chamberlain also has many friends and contemporaries fighting in South Africa, but it would be almost impossible to find a young M.P. who is not in the same position; indeed, many have seen go off during the last few days their nearest and dearest.



THE LATE MAJOR-GENERAL SIR W. P. SYMONS, VICTOR OF DUNDEE.

Colonel Arthur Paget (of whom an excellent portrait appears on page 71) is the commander of the Scots Guards who sailed last week for the scene of the war in South Africa, and comes of a fine fighting stock. He is the eldest son of the late Lord Alfred Paget, the popular nobleman so well-known in Society and in the yachting world, who was, by the way, a General in the English service, though I am not aware that he had any opportunity of distinguishing himself. The Paget who won success and honour for himself and his house was Colonel Arthur Paget's grandfather, the first Marquis of Anglesey.

This nobleman, then the second Earl of Uxbridge and head of the ancient family of Paget, entered the Army under the Duke of York, when England was engaged in the sanguinary struggle with the new French Republic. At first he was Lieut.-Colonel of an infantry regiment, but later exchanged into the Hussars, and became a most gallant and dashing leader of cavalry during

Sir John Moore's campaign, and, indeed, all through the long struggle in the Peninsula. At Waterloo he commanded the brigade of British, Hanoverian, and Belgian Horse, and his skill and courage greatly contributed to the brilliant victory of Waterloo. During the engagement he was shot in the right knee, and amputation was subsequently necessary. His lordship was for his services created Marquis of Anglesey, and the one-legged Marquis, who occupied Uxbridge House, Burlington Gardens—a fine mansion, now the Western Branch of the Bank of England—was for many years a familiar figure in the West-End. Colonel Arthur Paget, the grandson of this distinguished soldier, has the honour of the friendship of the Prince of Wales, who personally took farewell of him and his gallant comrades. The Prince is godfather to Colonel Paget's eldest son, while the Queen honoured one of his daughters by becoming her sponsor.

This is the birthday of the veteran General Sir John Adye, who was born on Nov. 1, 1819. As an Artillery officer, Sir John served throughout the whole of the Crimean War, being present at the Battles of the Alma, Balaklava, Inkerman, and the Siege of Sebastopol. Afterwards he went through the Mutiny and the Afghan Frontier War of 1863, and was second in command of the expedition to Egypt in 1882, being present at Kassassin and Tel-el-Kebir. In addition to these, he



has held many important positions, the last of which was the Governorship of Gibraltar from 1883 to 1886. He entered the Royal Artillery when seventeen years old, and one of the veteran's exploits during the Crimean War was the keeping of three Cossacks at bay while they were attempting to spike a British gun.

Here is a story about President Kruger which matches one about Mr. Rhodes and Empire-building. The latter, it may be remembered,



*P. Kruger*

PORTRAIT OF PRESIDENT KRUGER, SIGNED BY HIMSELF WITH ONE HAND.

was looking at a map of Africa hung in the office of a Kimberley merchant. After looking at it closely for some time, he placed his hand over a large part of Southern and Central Africa, right across the continent, and, turning to a friend at his side, said, "There, all that British. This is my dream." "I give you ten years," said his friend. Here is the story of President Kruger. In 1887 it was mentioned in the South African papers that there was a secret understanding between himself and Lo Bengula, the Matabele monarch. A geographer about the same time having made a map of the territories beyond the Vaal River, submitted the draft to President Kruger for approval. In this map the South African Republic was coloured yellow, as defined by the Convention of London; the native territories were dark. "Make these yellow too," said the President, pointing to Matabeleland and Swaziland. "But," said the map-maker, "they are not included in the region which enjoys your Honour's beneficent rule." The President did not argue the point. "Make them yellow," he said; "the land is all of one colour." The concluding sentence of a letter to Lo Bengula from Joubert in 1882 ended with the hope that he and the good folks in the Transvaal would continue friendly "when the stink which the Englishman brought with him is blown away altogether." I am afraid the odour of the Englishman will be more felt than ever in the near future.

One's attention is so much taken up in studying the peculiarly rough features of President Kruger in the many portraits of that worthy—or, as some would say, unworthy—that one scarcely ever notices a peculiar little badge which is attached to the broad silk sash which he wears as the symbol of office. This badge is particularly interesting just now, as it represents, in a somewhat rough-and-ready manner, the Boer national emblem. It consists of a round shield, the chief of which is quarterly. The first quarter is red, and is charged with a lion, peacefully squatting. The second contains a Boer, in characteristic costume and armed with a gun, on a blue ground. The remainder of the field is green, and contains one of those clumsy-looking waggons with which the Boers travel the country and form the laagers. The fess point is covered with a small escutcheon bearing an anchor, the symbol of hope. A spread-eagle, something after the style of the American one, but less fierce-looking, perches on the top of the shield, no doubt suggesting freedom. The national flag is draped on each side, taking the place of supporters. It will be seen that what does duty for a coat-of-arms is very typical of the Boers and the country.

The national flag is very little known. It is not even familiar to those artists who are responsible for many of the war-maps now appearing in our daily newspapers. The standard under which the Boers are now fighting is exactly that of Holland—bars red, white, and blue—with the exception of an addition of an upright green bar

where the flag is joined to the staff. The flag of the Orange Free State also betrays its Dutch origin, for in the corner, where the Union Jack figures in the English ensign, appears the Hollanders' tricolour on a field of white and orange bars. This flag is unique, for it is said to be the only one in the world in which orange appears as a colour.

The rejoicings of the 5th (Royal Irish) Lancers over the victory at Eland's Laagte must have been considerably tempered with sorrow through the death of Colonel Scott Chisholme, the brave commander of the Imperial Light Horse; for that gallant officer, though he saw all his war-service with the 9th (Queen's Royal) Lancers, was transferred to the Royal Irish ten years ago, and vacated the command of the regiment in South Africa but a couple of months since. He was highly esteemed by all ranks, and was a splendid cavalryman. He joined the Army twenty-seven years ago. It is a curious coincidence that both cavalry regiments engaged at Eland's Laagte were "Fifths"—the only "Fifths" of the thirty-one cavalry regiments in the British Army—for, besides the Royal Irish Lancers, the 5th (Princess Charlotte of Wales's) Dragoon Guards formed part of the small cavalry force whose use of "pointed sticks" was objected to by our "brother Boers" as unfair. The "Princess Charlotte's" had not seen war-service since the Crimean War, but has always borne a very high reputation as a smart regiment, and formed part of the contingent so promptly sent from India to South Africa.

Since my last note with reference to the "Gay Gordons," the 92nd has fully justified its great reputation, having at Eland's Laagte fought with great bravery, losing more heavily than any other regiment engaged. It is strange, however, to note the continual errors made with regard to the regiment. One correspondent points out that the Gordons, though fresh from hill-fighting in North-West India, lost more heavily than regiments without that experience. Another correspondent at the front states that the Gordons gave it as their experience that the Eland's Laagte action was a very severe one, and that Dargai was "a fool to it." It may be, of course, that, as many of the "Dargai Boys" were transferred to the 92nd when the 1st Battalion came home, some of these were present with General French; but, as a matter of fact, the 2nd Gordons went to India only last year, the meeting of the two battalions at Deolali being pictured in *The Sketch*, and mentioned as something of a record. The hill-fighting was done by the 1st Battalion, who are now going to South Africa, so that, as with many other regiments, the Gordons will have both battalions engaged. It must be considered a strange chance that two linked battalions which met in India little more than twelve months ago for the first time in their existence should now be either at or going to the front in South Africa, with every possibility of a second reunion in another continent in such a short space of time.

Particularly useful at the present juncture are the Natal Mounted Police, that body of young men—many of them drawn from good English families—who have gone out from time to time to South Africa, and enrolled themselves under the Government with a view to seeing



NATAL MOUNTED POLICE: A TYPICAL TROOPER.



something of the colony and earning a livelihood at the same time. Their knowledge of the district and practised ability for rough-riding render them excellent skirmishers, despatch-riders, and the like, and I know they are as keen as any of the rest in their desire for a "dust-up"



LIEUT.-COLONEL DICK-CUNYNGHAM, OF THE GORDON HIGHLANDERS, SEVERELY WOUNDED ON OCT. 21 AT THE BATTLE OF ELAND'S LAAGTE.

Photo by Fradelle and Young, Regent Street, W.

with the Boers. The photo I reproduce on the opposite page of a typical trooper gives a good idea of the dress and equipment, and also shows the kind of sturdy little horse that the people in Natal find indispensable when they want to get about the colony.

The command in Natal of the 2nd Battalion Gordon Highlanders, whose gallant charge at Eland's Laagte so sadly decimated their ranks and has left them for a time without their chief—Lieut.-Colonel Dick-Cunyngham, who was severely wounded—now devolves on Major W. A. Scott, senior officer of the battalion, who joined the old 92nd, the original Gordons, twenty-four years ago, having previously served for a short time in the 97th (Earl of Ulster's). Major Scott, who will certainly give a good account of himself and his men, was for several years Adjutant of the London Scottish Rifles, and for a time was Commandant of the Auxiliary Officers' School of Instruction at Aldershot.

An Artillery officer, with whom I was discussing the horse question a day or two ago, told me that his battery had been strengthened by the addition of a dozen or fifteen of the London 'bus-horses, and he was enthusiastic in their praise. They were, he said, as "hard as nails," in perfect condition for a campaign, and were, moreover, so handy, steady, and "kind" in the teams that the drivers, who had been rather prejudiced in advance against the despised "civilian horse," which, they said, would only start for a bell, were delighted with them. The new equine recruits had not passed through the ordeal by fire on the parade-ground, but it was anticipated that their street education would prove preparation for even that severe trial of horse-nerves. The same officer said that the Reservists who had been called out were fit to go to duty at once; they had forgotten nothing. Good for the Reserve system now being tried in practical fashion.

Mr. Bennet Burleigh, the bold and brilliant War-Correspondent of the *Daily Telegraph*, began soldiering himself at a very early period of his career. The son of a Glasgow merchant, Master Bennet had no commercial instincts, and, when quite a lad, crossed the Atlantic and enlisted in the Confederate Army, and went through the struggle till the final collapse of the Southerners. This experience led "the Warrior," as he is affectionately called, to turn his attention to military journalism, and in this branch of the literary service he has climbed to quite the top of the ladder. Mr. Burleigh is as big-hearted as he is big-bodied, and many a "leg-up" has he given to the young recruits of his profession.

Mr. Burleigh's political views are decidedly individual. On three occasions he has contested a division of Glasgow under as many different designations; he has energetically resented police interference with the right of meeting in Trafalgar Square; and he founded the Democratic Club, and yet has severely denounced Mr. John Burns. If "the Warrior" ever stands for another constituency, it should be as an Independent Patriotic Briton. His knowledge of military tactics is exceptional, and, consequently, his criticism just, if sometimes exacting. He has tried to ride both to York and to Kumasi on a bicycle, but his great weight proved too much in each instance for his machine. He benefited the poor of East London by obtaining an order from the late Mr. Montagu Williams for the destruction of a number of filthy slums, and both in the Press and on the field he has proved himself a consistent friend to "Tommy Atkins."

The St. John's Ambulance Association has had placed at its disposal by Messrs. R. Ellis and Son, of Ruthin, ten thousand bottles of table-waters for the use of the troops in South Africa.

If Lieutenant the Hon. Frederick Hugh Sherston Roberts' only claim to distinction were the fact that he is the son of "Bobs Bahadur," that would be quite sufficient to attract the attention of Englishmen; but, though only in his twenty-eighth year, the gallant young Rifleman has already done good service in four expeditions, the Isazai, the Waziristan, the Chitral Relief, and the Nile Expedition of '97-8, and has been twice "mentioned." But Lieutenant Roberts comes of a fighting family, for "Bobs'" father was General Sir Abraham Roberts, G.C.B., and his mother the daughter of another Abraham, Major Abraham Bunbury of the 62nd to wit. Then Lady Roberts herself is the daughter of the late Captain John Bews of the old 73rd (now the 2nd Black Watch), so it is hardly conceivable that the son of such parents could be anything but a soldier. Lieutenant Roberts has received practically the same training as his distinguished father, for, like him, he was educated at Eton and the Royal Military College at Sandhurst, receiving his commission in the famous King's Royal Rifles eight years ago, and his first "step" four years later. Now, in the steamship *Moor*, he is on his way to South Africa, where, besides his own battalion, which behaved so gallantly at Dundee, two others of the "K. R. R." are either there or on the way. Lieutenant Roberts bears a striking resemblance to Lord Roberts—as his photograph shows—and, should the Fates be propitious, will win his way, as his father did, "by virtue and valour," for there is no royal road to



HON. FREDERICK H. S. ROBERTS (SON OF LORD ROBERTS), WHO STARTED FOR SOUTH AFRICA ON OCT. 21.

Photo by Chancellor, Dublin.

promotion, or, after eight years of distinguished service, he would not be a simple Lieutenant of Rifles. By the way, Colonel J. Sherston, D.S.O., who was killed at Dundee, was a nephew of Lord Roberts, and at one time his Aide-de-Camp, accompanying him on the famous Kandahar march, and being under his command in the Burmah Expedition.



Sir William McCormac, who, though President of the Royal College of Surgeons, has volunteered for the front in order that he may act as Consulting-Surgeon to the Royal Army Medical Corps, is from many points of view a remarkable and interesting man. Like so many famous medical men, he is by birth an Irishman, and studied in Dublin



SIR WILLIAM McCORMAC,

*The patriotic President of the Royal College of Surgeons, who shortly leaves for South Africa to act as Consulting Surgeon to the Royal Army Medical Corps. This Photograph is by Russell and Sons, Baker Street, W.*

and Paris. While in the latter place he made many friends, and, of course, became very familiar with French; accordingly, when the Franco-Prussian War broke out, he was appointed Surgeon-in-Chief to the Anglo-American Ambulance. It was then that he laid the foundations of his vast experience of gunshot wounds. Even more interesting, and, it may be added, more terrible, were his experiences during the Russo-Turkish War. His name is equally honoured in Russia and in Turkey, and he may be called the great gunshot specialist of the century. This is so true that he is constantly called in when some person of note encounters a severe sporting accident.

As is natural in the circumstances, Sir William has very decided views as to the conduct of Army nursing and as to the management of the wounded; he has long held the theory that the most "food for the doctor" is provided by rifle-fire. Sir William was once asked as to what were the qualities especially needed by the surgeon on the battlefield; he answered briefly, "Common sense, physical power, and knowledge of languages." Though recognising the enormous benefits the Geneva Convention has conferred on civilisation, the great surgeon is sceptical as to its invariable efficiency; as he says, very properly, it is impossible for the leaders to be responsible for what even the most civilised people will do when fighting, for the fighting-man very soon becomes like a wild beast. There has never been a more popular President of the Royal College of Surgeons, the more so that Sir William is a man of exceptionally fine presence and an adept at all physical exercises. The early birds of Marylebone often have the pleasure of seeing the great doctor taking his walks abroad shortly after dawn; he is frequently out by five a.m.

Lady Randolph Churchill and Mrs. Arthur Paget, who have thrown themselves with great enthusiasm into the raising of a fund for the fitting out of an Anglo-American hospital-ship for the Transvaal, are, of course, both keenly interested in the war operations, for one has her husband and the other her son at the front. Mr. Winston Churchill has gone out as Correspondent for the *Morning Post*, but nowadays the War-Correspondent runs terrible risks of being not only wounded, but killed, as witness the sad fate of the Hon. Hubert Howard, who was killed, just after the fall of Khartoum, while actually obtaining some information which was to be used by him as Correspondent for the *Times*. Mr. Winston Churchill did extremely well in the Afridi War, his subsequent book being marvellously vivid, and really rivalling in excellence Mr. Steevens's now classical "With Kitchener to Khartoum." It is to be hoped that Sir William McCormac, who has already written a most thrilling account of his former war-experiences, will keep a careful

record of his observations in the Transvaal, for over twenty years have gone by since the Russo-Turkish War, and the modern soldier fights with quite different weapons to what he did then.

Though it was not the late Mr. Grant Allen's custom to reply to his critics, he made an exception in the case of the review of his "Hill-top" novel, "The Woman Who Did," which appeared in the *Saturday Review*. The critique in that journal was the work—it may here be stated for the first time—of Mr. H. G. Wells, and Mr. Grant Allen communicated a brief letter to the *Saturday*, in order "to remove apprehensions which will probably arise from your review of my little idyll." Some sentences in this letter have now a special appropriateness and autobiographical interest. "I have never written a single word," Mr. Allen asserted, "that I did not honestly believe. What I have often complained of was that I had to hold my tongue about the things I really thought and felt, not that I had to say the things I didn't think and feel. 'The Woman Who Did' was written with long and calm deliberation. I spent five years in maturing it before I ever put pen to paper. I spent several months in writing the first outline. . . . Good or bad, it is my best possible work. There is not a word in it which I desire to change. . . I have," he concluded, "written what I consider to be a work of art, and I am ready to stand or fall by it."

Besides the great railways, many influences have been at work to alter London. The lawyers wanted to be relieved of the trouble of going to Westminster to fight their battles, and spent nearly a quarter of a century in discussing the subject before they fixed upon the site of the present Law Courts. More than four hundred buildings were demolished in the neighbourhood of Temple Bar and Clare Market, seven and a-half acres of ground were cleared, and many narrow lanes and courts of ill-repute were swept away, leaving a clear frontage to the Strand between Temple Bar and St. Clement's Church. Many houses of historic interest were pulled down, among them "The Trumpet" in Shoe Lane, the meeting-place of the Kit-Kat Club, where Steele and Addison held high festival with their friends. In Shire Lane Sir Charles Sedley was born, and here dwelt Grinling Gibbons, the famous wood-carver. The ground on which the Law Courts stand was at one time a fashionable locality, and some of the houses contained some good old oak panelling and carved mantels, while here and there was a doorway with quaintly carved porch.

The title of the play that Miss Ellen Terry has accepted from Mr. Bernard Shaw is "Colonel Brass-bound's Conversion." By the



COLONEL SCOTT CHISHOLME, KILLED AT ELAND'S LAAGTE.

(See page 52.)

way, Miss Terry's daughter, Miss Edith Craig, played the typewriter-girl in "Candida," when Mr. Shaw's fantastic comedy was produced by Miss Janet Achurch and Mr. Charles Charrington. Miss Craig played with a good deal of her mother's grace and charm, and with a distinct sense of comedy.



The death of the popular basso will be much regretted in musical circles. His real name was Allan James Foley, but he started as a vocalist at a time when an Italian name was considered essential; consequently, after studying at Naples, the young Hibernian came out as "Signor Foli," and has for forty years been successful in oratorio, opera, and in the concert-room. He had a rich, deep voice of over two octaves in compass, and a fine, rich quality of tone. The late popular vocalist had been seeing Miss Clara Butt and her concert-party depart from Liverpool, and caught a chill, which unfortunately ended in pneumonia, and caused his death at Southport on Friday, the 20th ult. He was born in 1835, at Cahir, Tipperary, and in his songs he frequently gave touches of Irish humour. His London operatic debut was at the old Her Majesty's Theatre, in "Les Huguenots," as San Bris, on June 15, 1865. He appeared in nearly all the principal bass parts in the most popular operas, and, if not particularly famous as an actor, his tall, commanding figure and magnificent voice served him well, and he was appreciated greatly on the Continent, in America, and the Colonies. Unlike most vocalists, he was a keen financial speculator, and for many years had extensive dealings on the Stock Exchange.

Four years ago, *The Sketch* pleaded with its readers on behalf of poor Miss Rose Norreys, whose mind had then become seriously affected. The appeal was not without its result, and the unfortunate orphan-actress, who was entirely dependent on her own earnings, received sufficient help for the time being. But now the sad information comes to hand that the once brilliant actress will never recover her reason, and once again I venture to ask all those who knew her, all those who have heard of her, and all those who are ever ready to come to the assistance of the unfortunate but deserving, to do what they can in this intensely pathetic matter. The *Era* has started a subscription-list (headed by Mr. Arthur W. Pinero with a cheque for fifty guineas), and all subscriptions forwarded to Mr. Edward Ledger (*Era* offices) will be acknowledged in the columns of that paper.

While we are in harness of war, the French are cultivating the arts of peace, and the critics signal this week the blossoming into the world of letters of a master mind, of an incipient French Shakspeare. The new genius is Emile Fabre, author of the "Timon of Athens" played at Marseilles last week, the representation of which is said to be the greatest artistic event ever occurring in France outside of Paris. This young man, hailed as a philosopher and a poet, is only twenty-nine years of age.

If Emile Fabre from the south coast where he lives should cast his eye across the waters to Algeria, he will find there a topical subject worth a dramatic pen. There at Mustapha, in a cage that is not even gilded, in a meanly-built villa, surrounded by vulgarities, in a strange climate, under a blinding sun, sits a deposed Queen—Ranavolo of Madagascar—eating her life away with chagrin, a miserable, unhappy woman, kept on a pension too small for her needs, and who, far from being left to grieve over her fallen fortunes in silence, is reduced to complain bitterly of the Government's police agents installed in her house, who dog all her steps and whose courtesy is scant. Meantime, not a hundred yards away lies the cadaver of her old Prime Minister, Rainilairivoni, dead two years ago, leaving as a sole request to those who dispossessed his mistress that he might sleep his last sleep in the land of his birth. The French Government has not yet seen its way to answer this prayer, and yet does not like to ignore it, and therefore the remains of Madagascar's old Prime Minister lie still in the dead-house at Mustapha, at a charge to the taxpayers of two francs a-day, which charge now mounts up to more than three thousand francs. Perhaps the mighty never fell to such indignity, and the new French Shakspeare should embalm this *fin-de-siècle* fate.

The death of the Countess Marie de Münster deepens the gloom already settled over the German Embassy in Paris, and leaves her father, the Prince of Münster-Dernebourg, himself much shaken in health, to do the difficult honours of that Embassy alone. It does not take much reflection to understand that life at this Embassy of late has not been a bed of roses, and no one can be surprised that it should break down the health of its titulaires. It is not only that the German Ambassador in

Paris represents the hereditary enemy—Count Münster has seen the relations between the two countries greatly modified of late—it is in particular that round this Embassy has swept all the storm of the Dreyfus affair. If it was the objective of Esterhazy and other traitors with information to sell, if it was here that the famous bordereau was found, it was also here that the Etat-Major planted its spies. In a house opposite the great entrance were installed relays of spies, and spies were introduced into the intimate life of the family. The Count's valet at one time was a creature of the Etat-Major, who, while he brushed his master's coat, searched, at the same time, his master's pockets. In such conditions life must be trying, and the Emperor did not overrate the difficulties of the situation any more than the brilliance of the service rendered when he created Count Münster Prince of Dernebourg. Unfortunately, the Emperor could not ensure the maintenance of health under such conditions. The Countess Marie de Münster was her father's constant companion, and no one will be surprised if the Prince finds life at Paris henceforth intolerable.

The "clou" has been found for the Exhibition of 1900, the special freak attraction that will draw like a magnet all the world to Paris, and which has been ardently sought for so long. It is not a giant parasol with a donkey-drive up the staff, nor a railroad suspended from the Eiffel Tower. The "clou" will be the Emperor Menelik of Ethiopia, whose presence has been definitely secured. This information is official. His Prime Minister, M. Lagarde, known officially as the French representative in Abyssinia, has just made the journey to Paris to concert with the Government for his reception, one may presume also for his display. Menelik will be accompanied by a gorgeous suite, the like of which has never been seen since the days of Solomon. The "Conqueror of the lions of Judah" will be worth a journey to Paris to see.

Mr. W. M. Guthrie, the successful Conservative candidate for the Bromley and Bow district, who is better known in Society as Mr. Murray Guthrie, is a partner in the old-established business of Chalmers, Guthrie, and Co., in Idol Lane, and the youngest of the three sons of the late Mr. J. A. Guthrie, who left him a handsome fortune, which had ample time to accumulate during a long minority. Mr. Murray Guthrie is quite a young man, and looks younger than he really is, with his clean-shaven face, and tall, slight figure. He is one of a large family, and his five handsome and well-dowered sisters are all well married and very familiar figures in fashionable circles.

Four of them married soldiers, Mrs. Anstruther-Thomson, Mrs. Bingham (whose husband has just started for South Africa), Mrs. Stuart-Wortley (whose husband led the Friendlies in the Soudan Campaign of last year, and has also gone to the seat of war), and Mrs. Denison (whose first husband, Major Gough, was killed at Abu Klea). Mr. Guthrie's fifth sister is married to that rising diplomatist, Sir Rennell Rodd; while his aunt is the widow of the gallant Sir Herbert Stewart who fell in the Soudan. Mr. Murray Guthrie has a very pleasant, winning manner, and is likely to be popular in the House.

"Rule, Britannia," a song which, as Southey said, will be the political hymn of Great Britain as long as she maintains her Imperial power, is on so many persons' lips just now that its origin is apt to be forgotten. The authorship of the song has been variously attributed to Thomson, of "The Seasons," and to his friend, David Mallet; and, though the triumphant note of the famous lyric differs altogether from the placid pastoral verse of Thomson, a consensus of opinion assigns the song to his pen. In conjunction with Mallet, whose birth-name, by the way, was Malloch—a name, Dr. Johnson declared, that not one Englishman could pronounce—Thomson, at the solicitation of the Prince of Wales, produced in 1740 the masque of "Alfred," in which the national song was embodied. The play was twice performed in the gardens at Cliefden, and in 1751 was produced at Drury Lane—the dramatic composition having been amended by Mallet—with the addition of "Rule, Britannia." It is impossible, at this time of day, justly to decide as to the rival claims of Thomson and Mallet; it is sufficient that the immortal song fitly and finely voices the sentiments of every loyal Englishman.



THE LATE SIGNOR FOLI.  
Photo by Bassano, Old Bond Street, W



The fifth annual volume dealing with the photographic work of the year is a highly artistic production, the chief criticisms coming from the pen of Mr. A. C. R. Carter. The increasing importance of photography as a method of picture-making has compelled the publishers to double the size of the publication in the effort to do justice to the subject, and their success will be seen to have justified this step.



"A STUDY" BY C. F. DEPREE.  
From "Photograms of the Year, 1899."

Miss Mabel Beardsley is the only sister of the late Aubrey Beardsley. She originally intended to follow the scholastic profession, and, with that end in view, she passed the University Local Examination (seniors), taking very high honours—in fact, she was among the very first of her year. Though a sister of the well-known artist, she has, strange to say, never dabbled in either painting or drawing, but is a devoted admirer of the decadent school of both art and literature. One of her very first articles to the *Saturday Review*, to which paper she is a frequent

contributor, was a criticism of last year's Paris Salon. Her name is also to be found amongst the members of the Idlers' Club, in the magazine of that name. Miss Beardsley, after teaching with great success for some considerable time at the Polytechnic, suddenly turned her attention to the stage, and joined Mr. Tree at the Haymarket Theatre in "Once Upon a Time," playing a thinking part with much grace.

From this humble position she gradually and steadily climbed the ladder of success, and played small parts in "John o' Dreams" and "An Ideal Husband." Later on she joined Mr. Arthur Bourchier, and understudied Miss Irene Vanbrugh in "The Chili Widow" and "The Queen's Proctor." In the latter of these plays she made quite a "hit" as a fascinating young widow. After a short tour in America with Mr. Bourchier, she joined Mr. Richard Mansfield's company. On her return to England, she appeared again at the Criterion and the Royalty, while her last engagement was in "The Gay Lord Quex," on tour, in which she made a distinct success as the Duchess of Strood. To-morrow afternoon she makes her welcome reappearance in Mrs. Henry de la Pasture's one-act play, "The Modern Craze," at the St. George's Hall, under the management of Mr. W. G. Elliot.

Last month there were great doings in Bozen and Meran. The Emperor Francis Joseph came to preside at the Andreas Hofer celebrations. First of all he opened, on the morning of Sept. 20, a new church at Bozen, the Church of Jesus. Then he went on to Meran, and was received by the town with the greatest of State ceremony according to Tyrolean ideas; that is to say, all the peasants appeared in costume, and very picturesque they looked as they paraded with their bands and tattered banners, relics of 1809, 1859, and 1866, preserved in their mountain-valley churches. And then the venerable-looking and venerated Emperor presided at dinner in the evening at the Hotel Erzherzog Johann, when ninety-nine guests, including his suite and the local magnates, discussed a noble repast. At eight o'clock that same evening all attended the historic play of "Andreas Hofer in 1809-1810," which was given in the open air; like the plays at Ober Ammergau, far away from the town, under a glorious sky, and the stage lit by arc-lamps flying from immense poles. The following day, Sept. 21, the Emperor proceeded to Passeyer Thal—a four hours' drive through romantic scenery, largely over a new road only opened this year—that he might be present when the Archbishop of Salzburg consecrated the Memorial Hofer Chapel. Then he, the same day, presided at a lunch given in his honour by the Tyrol people, and thus concluded a notable visit.

It was the original intention of the Tyrolese to have all this celebration on the centenary of Hofer's great year, 1809; but it was thought best not to postpone it, as many events may happen before then, and perhaps, even, at that time their beloved Emperor would not be able to be present. The enthusiasm of these loyal peasants was dignified, and their loyalty affecting. Tyrol will long remember this event, which will serve as another proof of the unswerving fealty of this courageous people, the Tyrolese, to the Emperor they love to serve.

Mr. George Wyndham is the beau-ideal representative of the military department in an aristocratic Government. An ex-officer of the Guards, the husband of a Countess, of handsome appearance, with a pleasant voice which is improved by a drawl, and with very nice manners, he is the perfect Under-Secretary. He makes pretty phrases; and he can say the right word in the right tone. Everybody likes him; many envy him. It was not easy to succeed so able a man as Mr. Brodrick, but success has kept step with Mr. Wyndham throughout life. His name became familiar at the end of letters dictated or inspired by Mr. Arthur Balfour in the days of Coercion. Mr. Wyndham was not only a devoted private secretary to the present Leader of the House, but was an intimate personal friend, and walked home with him night after night after fierce fights with the Nationalists in the House of Commons. If this friendship paved the way for him to the Treasury Bench, he fully justified his appointment by his debating power as well as by his tact and sympathy during the War Session.

Mr. Davitt, who has been so much complimented by Conservatives on retiring from the House of Commons, was a greater Parliamentary force out of the House than in it. Rarely has so much passion been shown, even by the Nationalists, as they expressed when Michael Davitt was arrested by the Liberal Government in 1881. His name frightened the House, but when he became a member the spell was broken. Mr. Davitt expressed the most unpopular opinions in the courteous language of a gentleman. Unionists treated him as a brave enemy whom they might shoot but would not insult, and although he never sacrificed an opinion, he returned the respect and even the goodwill of his opponents. He talked with them in the Lobby more freely than with some of his own colleagues. The Dillon "Cabinet" has been weakened by Mr. Davitt's retirement. It includes Mr. Blake, Mr. Swift MacNeill, and Mr. T. P. O'Connor; but the ex-Canadian statesman is silent, Mr. MacNeill is too impulsive, and "T. P." does not entirely give up to politics what was meant for journalism.

Mr. Selous, whose letter to the *Times* made so great a sensation last week, has never hitherto been looked upon as in any special sense a champion of the Boer. He can claim to be the most successful and the most famous big-game hunter of modern times, and in his charming house at Worplesdon, Surrey, he has gathered together a wonderful collection of sporting trophies. Mr. Selous is of very mixed nationality: on his father's side he is half French and half English, while his mother was one of the fox-hunting Sherbornes of Dorsetshire. He went to South Africa at the age of nineteen, entirely for the sake of sport and adventure, and there is probably no living man more familiar with the lesser-known portions of the Dark Continent; indeed, a map on which he has marked every African spot to which he has been looks like a tangled skein, his tracks crossing and recrossing. At the present time it is curious to recall that Mr. Selous rendered most valuable services to the British South Africa Company; to him the Company owe the easiest road from Macloutsie to Fort Salisbury.

Some years ago, Mr. Selous married Miss Gladys Maddy, the daughter of the well-known clergyman of that name; together they went out to South Africa, and there encountered some of the most serious adventures that it had ever been Mr. Selous' lot to face, for their pretty house and all their belongings were completely destroyed by the savage Matabele, and Mr. and Mrs. Selous had to ride for their lives. In his letter to the *Times*, the great hunter pays an eloquent tribute to the honesty, hospitality, and even intelligence of the average Boer farmer.



THE HOFER MEMORIAL CHAPEL AT SANDHOF, PASSEYER THAL, CONSECRATED SEPT 21 IN THE PRESENCE OF THE EMPEROR OF AUSTRIA.



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MRS. TATA, A PARSEE BEAUTY POPULAR IN SOCIETY DURING THE LAST LONDON SEASON

*This charming lady is the daughter-in-law of Mr. Tata, who so handsomely endowed the Bombay University.*

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY LALLIE GARET-CHARLES, TITCHFIELD ROAD, N.W.



## THREE "BLACK TULIP" GROWERS.

Inasmuch as "The Black Tulip" is now being nightly exhibited at the Haymarket, the editor of *The Sketch* thought that his readers might haply like to have some account of the three gentlemen most concerned in the rearing of this "Black Tulip"—which, as all the world (not to mention his wife) knows, has been transplanted from France, where it originally blossomed in the fertile and romantic garden of Papa Dumas.

In obedience, then, to the editorial injunctions, I speedily began to put a girdle round about as much of the earth as had to be covered in searching out the three gentlemen concerned. Mr. Sydney Grundy, who first started transplanting "The Black Tulip" a year or so ago, I tracked down to his London lair, namely, Winter Lodge, Addison Road, Kensington, a delightful snuggerly which he inhabits when he is not ozone-inhaling at Margate, where he has another very cosy retreat. At Winter Lodge, where he has for immediate neighbours Mr. Thornycroft, the sculptor, and such artists as Mr. Fildes, Mr. Schmalz, and Mr. G. F. Watts, I found Grundy in his library, where that continuous smoker was

"The Black Tulip" that it could have been produced several weeks ago. Questioning Mr. Grundy as to his future tactics in the play-writing business, I found that his next work would be the comedy of powerful love-interest which he has promised Mr. George Alexander—a play at present entitled "A Debt of Honour." As regards this, Mr. Grundy pointed out that it was *not* an adaptation from Scribe, as certain rumourers have rumoured, but is an original five-act play expanded from his popular little one-act drama, "In Honour Bound," which contains a mere mention of Scribe's play, "Une Chaine." On pointing out to Mr. Grundy that "A Debt of Honour" had been used before as a play-title, he said he was aware of it. He knew that the play I meant was one by a fellow Lancashire lad, the late brilliant but hapless Fred W. Broughton, whose dainty comediettas have been so long beloved by amateur histrions. Mr. Grundy added that just before Broughton's wretched end he received permission to use the title—unless he discovered other reasons why he should not.

Leaving Grundy, who was still happy in his pipe and in the fact that "The Degenerates" was doing enormous business in its new home, the Garrick, I anon betook myself to the Haymarket, intent on a chat with



MR. SYDNEY GRUNDY (ADAPTER OF "THE BLACK TULIP") AND HIS DAUGHTER, MISS LILY GRUNDY (OF "DEGENERATES" FAME), AT HOME (WINTER LODGE, ADDISON ROAD, W.).

From a Photograph specially taken for "The Sketch" by R. W. Thomas, Chesham.

surrounded by almost as many pipes as books. The pipes were all of the short-briar brand, but the books were more varied and admirably selected. Grundy is not of that untidy class of authors who think it incumbent upon them to fling ink and fragments of manuscript-paper about the place. In his work, as in his outdoor habits, he is calm and methodical. When he once decides to write a play, he sits down and keeps pegging away at it until it is done, allowing, of course, certain intervals for rest and refreshment. If anything should occur to ruffle the Grundyan serenity, he either walks abroad or sprints around his beautiful grounds (where he has a private bicycle-track, as it were), or loafs about his splendid stables, talking and thinking horse. Should it be at night-time that this popular dramatist needs solace, he turns his attention (and his telescope) to the heavenly bodies, Grundy being nothing if not astronomical—indeed, the planets, next to his pipes, form his best-beloved sedative.

Friend Grundy pointed out that "The Black Tulip" will be his fiftieth play. He had done a tremendous lot of work to it, and he thought that, as far as an author dare judge of an unproduced work, it was a strong and effective romantic play. He spoke gratefully of the splendid way in which Messrs. Harrison and Maude had cast and mounted the piece, and paid high tribute to their forwardness with it. So forward was

my old friends Frederick Harrison and Cyril Maude. Of those who knew this ardent couple some years ago, doubtless few expected to find them rising to their present proud position as actor-managers. Yet in their very earliest days both were as full of pluck as they were of intelligence and shrewdness, and determined to use every honourable means to rise in the profession they had adopted. In those youthful days, Harrison would, in the intervals of somewhat fitful spells of acting-management, essay this or that arduous character in the long-hidden Elizabethan and other plays which were wont to be revived ever and anon by those enthusiastic young players calling themselves the Dramatic Students. As for Maude, he, after sundry amateur outbursts, bobbed up professionally, first in Mr. "Jingo" Macdermott's drama called "Racing," at the Grand, Islington, some twelve years ago. Immediately afterwards, he was observed to be disporting in a small singing-innkeeper kind of part in the Gaiety burlesque, "Frankenstein." This little part was named Mondelico, and even now, in moments of abstraction, Maude may be heard to warble the little bits of opening choruses and finales allotted to him in that travesty. He always seems to gratefully remember this only burlesque effort of his, because it got him into the West-End theatres, and led to many an engagement at the matinées just then so much in vogue. It was at one of these matinées

that young Maude suddenly bounded into histrionic fame. The play was that very powerful but not long current drama called "Handfast," written by the since successful dramatist, Henry Hamilton, and the since dead dramatist, Mark Quinton. Maude played a Jonas Chuzzlewit-like villain, and so enthralled the audience that he at once established himself as a character-actor of singular variety and intensity. His long list of subsequent humorous and pathetic character-studies since that time are known to all playgoers worthy of the name.

While Cyril Maude was thus engaged snapping up this part and that, and presently being snapped up in turn by sundry managers and authors (who knew their business), Frederick Harrison became associated with Mr. Beerbohm Tree, and, apart from fulfilling the arduous and responsible duties of acting-management at the Haymarket, Harrison ere long found means to give vent to his histrionic ambitions by frequently understudying Mr. Tree and playing his parts in such plays as "The Dancing Girl," "Captain Swift," "A Man's Shadow," &c. Beerbohm's understudy, Frederick, not only rendered excellent service in these matters, but he also saved expense in some measure, Harrison being of a build that exactly fitted Tree's clothes. And so from time to time Harrison went on acting, one of his best hits in this regard being his assumption of the character of the Duc de Candale in "A Marriage of Convenience," when the original representative in the English version, our poor, hearty, and breezy friend, William Terriss, returned to the Adelphi, where he continued to play until the night before his terrible death.

Touching "The Black Tulip," it may at first be said that it undoubtedly eclipses all Messrs. Harrison and Maude's previous not utterly unexpensive efforts, certainly as far as *mise-en-scène* is concerned. Moreover, in addition to the powerful players engaged, the Haymarket managers took steps to have the music—a not unimportant feature in

this piece—specially composed by that harmonious expert, Mr. Frederick Corder. As to the scenery (which is by Messrs. Joseph Harker, T. E. Ryan, and Walter Hann), Messrs. F. Harrison and C. Maude not only gave these excellent artists *carte blanche*, but they also sent them to sundry parts of Holland to study and gather material. Indeed, in these matters, and as to those relating to costumes, &c., the dual management spared neither pains nor expense in order to reproduce before Haymarket audiences the Holland of 1672, which is the period of the play. Among other things which these assiduous actor-managers have secured for the better working of their production are sundry groups of old and valuable Dutch engravings, which are now exhibited in the vestibules and lobbies of the theatre. Mr. Harrison is cast for William of Orange as he appeared some sixteen years before he came over and supplanted James II. at Torbay. Mr. Maude plays the character of Cornelius Van Baerle, an excellent part; and that always artistic and delightful actress, Miss Winifred Emery (Mrs. Cyril Maude), performs a charming character, namely, Rosa, daughter of the jailer, Gryphus, which has been entrusted to that powerful actor Mr. Sydney Valentine. Another very important part, that of Isaac Boxtel, has been given to the clever character-actor Mr. Mark Kinghorne, and Corneille De Witt will be played by Mr. Will Dennis, always a brainy player.

In short, although it is always unsafe as well as unwise to prophesy unless you absolutely know, yet one may surely be allowed to humbly hint at what one thinks ought to take place—if it does not. Therefore, I feel inclined to say that this beautifully mounted, splendidly cast romantic

play, with its deeply interesting episodes concerning love, life, and death, and its unproblem-play-like happy ending, deserves success, whether it chances to command it or not. At any rate, it will be through no fault of its author or producers if it does not.

H. CHANCE NEWTON.



MISS WINIFRED EMERY (MRS. CYRIL MAUDE), LEADING LADY AT THE HAYMARKET. SHE PLAYS ROSA IN "THE BLACK TULIP."



MR. FREDERICK HARRISON, SOLE LESSEE AND CO-MANAGER OF THE HAYMARKET. HE PLAYS WILLIAM OF ORANGE IN "THE BLACK TULIP."



MR. CYRIL MAUDE, LEADING MAN AND CO-MANAGER OF THE HAYMARKET. HE PLAYS DR. CORNELIUS VAN BAERLE IN "THE BLACK TULIP."

From Photographs by Window and Grove, Baker Street, W.



## HORS D'ŒUVRES.

The present war will not be wholly destitute of good results if it tends to discourage certain objectionable tendencies in our present newspaper Press—especially the halfpenny section of it. The dearth of news that characterised the early days of the war, the gaps in the telegraph lines, the rigid military censorship of the wires, all left a wide opening for rumour, exaggeration, or sheer invention. The perverted ingenuity of the lower Pressman took advantage of this, and hence the placards which have made and still make our streets ridiculous, and throw doubt on the best-attested facts. It is all a feeble copy of the American "Yellow Press" in the late war, in which there was a pressure of several tons of newspaper to the square inch of fighting.

The first trifling skirmishes assumed terrific importance. One paper, on the first news of the catastrophe of the Mafeking "Mosquito" train, assumed, without reason, that this was the armoured train that had gone south with the women and children, and that the Boers knew of this; and forthwith denounced the "Dastardly Outrage." Another paper severely reprovved this misrepresentation, and itself, on the very day when it attacked its contemporary, put a great British victory on its placards, and kept it there long after the victory was known to be a mere Stock Exchange rumour. Nay, one or two papers with Boer sympathies chronicled the fall of the poor little train as a "Terrible Disaster," and informed us that "Boers Strike a Terrible Blow" by running an engine off the line and capturing fifteen men and two old guns! All the halfpenny Press is tarred with the same brush.

There is—there must be—a great temptation for the directors of a halfpenny evening sheet to publish rumours without too strict an inquiry into their accuracy. The big morning papers have their Special Correspondents at the scene of action. If these gentlemen cannot report a battle, at least they can send some details or rumours or interesting descriptions of military life. But the poor evening paper cannot afford this. It must either be content with the "remainder biscuit" of the morning's telegrams, or it must publish something that is not in the early Press. This may come in the regular way, or, again, it may not, which is far more likely, and distortion or invention is the only way to have something out of the common.

It is natural, but it is not creditable. In fact, the worthy editor, or whoever directs the publication of news, is lying, and lying for halfpence, when he passes off a vague rumour for a fact, or distorts some poor little fragment of news, common to all papers, into the semblance of original and exclusive information. It is indeed amusing to see the various guises in which some scanty scrap of news appears and reappears on the deceitful placards—"Another Big Battle," when all that is known is that there has been some fighting; "Awful British Slaughter," when between two and three hundred men are *hors de combat*. Such losses are, no doubt, heavy in proportion to the number engaged; but to an army with Malplaquet, Albuera, and Waterloo on its banners, it is ridiculous to talk of "awful slaughter," over what is a rather important fight between detachments—what military historians call a "combat," not a battle.

Exaggeration begets distrust. A purchaser of a paper on the strength of a flaming placard of victory will turn to the latest telegrams from the seat of war, and find that the glorious news is some stale old *canard* that has already appeared in the morning journals. It is obvious that he cannot retain any respect for the paper he has been cheated into buying. What business has an obtainer of halfpence under false pretences to denounce the dishonesty of Kruger? With what face can a journal that placards imaginary battles and fearful (exaggerated) slaughters attack the public for feeling a warlike excitement? And, further, if able editors or their subordinates deem it right to exaggerate or suppress, and to spice stale news into an appearance of freshness, what confidence can any reader ever have in the genuineness of their opinions or the accuracy of their statements?

It is really of no use for us to emulate the American "Yellow Press." Our editors cannot rise to that magnificent mendacity. The Englishman ought to cling to facts and figures for his life. A consummate hypocrite his Continental critics call him; but, at any rate, he is not at all a good liar. Our wildest Irish Members shrink abashed before American politicians, and still more before French patriots, and the Boulevard Press leaves our evening halfpennies out of sight. Instead of a Drumont and a Rochefort, we have the pale shadows of a Stead and a Labouchere. Seldom has any public man been better hated by his political opponents than Mr. Chamberlain, and yet the only charge seriously brought against him (apart from his supposed warlike temper) is that of complicity in the Jameson Raid. In France we should have "Sir Chamberlain" daily accused of poisoning his grandmother and strangling his first wife.

From which it results that we are in the main Saxons, and not Celts, and that "the blind hysterics" of the latter race suit us not. Wherefore let us abstain from lying beyond the minimum necessary to journalism, and let our placards be sober and according to our news. If an announcement is a rumour only, say so; if it is official, say so again. And so doing we shall win for ourselves not only the approval of a good conscience, but in time a great share of the halfpence. MARMITON.

## ROUND ABOUT KIMBERLEY.

Kimberley is in many respects unlike any other place on the face of the earth. Its principal ingredients are tin-shanties and dust, with, however, a leaven of diamonds to give it a flavour. For without the diamonds there would have been no Kimberley. You have only got to take the one train in the day, and go—did I say go? I meant crawl—that long journey of six hundred and fifty miles from Capetown to Kimberley, nearly the whole of it through that arid waste of blank, red desert, known as the Karoo, to realise that the district itself would not attract even a dog. Small wonder that the great Rhodes, when passing on his frequent journeys to and fro over this "abomination of desolation," takes with him a secretary and typewriter to usefully employ the time. He is a true type of a Kimberleyite, one who looks to the main point only, and disregards, as trivial and unessential, such details as dress and personal appearance, and, like his former confrères in the diamond-market at Kimberley, is happier without a coat than with one. For while in Johannesburg the easy-going appearance of the gold-fields camp has almost disappeared under the iron-bound sway of the starched collar and hard felt-hat, in Kimberley shirt-sleeves in the open street are quite "good form" to-day, just as they were ten or twenty years ago, when the diamond-market swarmed with men of every nationality bargaining and chaffering over the precious gems.

Now, all is changed. The mighty De Beers Company, that astonishing child of Mr. Rhodes's brain, has, like a great octopus, drawn everything within its grasp, so that there are no longer individual claim-owners to sell their gems to the diamond-dealers. Scarcely one is left; they have cleared out as though at the advance of a pestilence, without in many cases even troubling to take down their names, which remain to tell a silent story of the days that were. So hopeless has apparently been the prospect of ever getting fresh tenants to occupy the vacated offices that their landlords have not even put up "To Let" notices, and when I was in Kimberley and wanted an office, I actually had some difficulty in finding an owner, as the one answer seemed to be, "Oh, he's gone to Johannesburg!" When I did succeed, I was offered an office at ten shillings a-month, and found that I was given the run of *five*. Probably, in the times which the old inhabitants fondly refer to as "the good old days" their rental had been about £100 a-month.

In one of these offices I found, left by its previous owner—a Polish "licensed diamond-buyer," the sound of whose name an Englishman would most nearly approximate to by sneezing, blowing his nose, and saying "ski"—a huge lump of the blue ore in which the diamonds lie. When it is first got out of the mine, this "blue," as it is called there, is as hard as rock—indeed, being itself of volcanic origin, it resembles nothing more closely than the lava one finds on the slopes of Vesuvius. But, after exposure to the air, by degrees its disposition softens; so when I talked to my lump with my boot it went into powder, and actually, to my surprise—for the probabilities were far the other way—revealed in the dust three tiny diamonds. So here was I in Kimberley, where the awesome "I. D. B." (Illicit Diamond-Buying) Act holds sway, "having in my property and person three uncut diamonds without a licence from the Commissioner of Police." Well, no one knew, however, and I forgot to tell them. I still have them, and have not received as yet the customary "seven years" for my crime.

The place to see diamonds *en masse* is the De Beers offices in Kimberley. You have to be introduced by a resident and get a special permit. Then you are marched, with officials behind and before you, up to a locked door, which, on opening, reveals a room with windows all round and tables under them. Blazing in gems? No! Surely those wee piles, each on a clean piece of paper, are samples of sugar or soda from the grocer's, and not diamonds! But they are; rough diamonds, in the most literal sense of the phrase, each lot sorted by those two young ladies in charge into their different degrees of size, colour, &c.

The diamond-sorting shown in the accompanying photograph is of a different kind, namely, the first picking of the gems out of the gravel left after the soft part of the blue has been washed away in huge machines. It is quite exciting standing at the sorting-tables watching the operators sweep the gravel in front of them, and, while you are wondering what an uncut diamond will look like, the lightning eye of experience has pounced on the almost unrecognisable gem, which is promptly deposited into a handy salt-cellar.

It is a curious thing, when you come to think of it, all these human beings toiling away in that ghastly out-of-the-way corner of the earth to get (on the average) *one* pebble of a special kind out of a *ton-load* of other pebbles. No wonder that what is left takes up so much room, so that Kimberley the flat now possesses young mountains of *débris*, which have come in supremely useful as forts at the present juncture.

It was on these heaps that Mr. Rhodes, in the good old days, when he had claims of his own, used to sit studying classics for his degree at Oxford, while keeping his eye "lifting," to see that his Kaffirs did not annex a more than usually large proportion of the diamonds they came across during their work. The Kimberley Club, of which a photograph is given, is the one where he takes his meals when at Kimberley. The food there is very well cooked and served; but the King of Rhodesia is a man who eats to live and whose life is work, so, like his dress, his meals receive the smallest amount of attention and time he can give to them.

ROUND ABOUT KIMBERLEY.



DIAMOND-SORTING IN THE DE BEERS MINES, KIMBERLEY.  
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY N. P. EDWARDS.



KIMBERLEY CLUB, OF WHICH MR. CECIL RHODES IS A PROMINENT AND POPULAR MEMBER.  
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY L. ATKINSON, KIMBERLEY.



## THE GRAND DUKE MICHAEL AND THE COUNTESS TORBY.

The Grand Duke Michael Michaelovitch, to give him his full title, is the second son of the Grand Duke Michael Nicolaievitch, for long the senior member of the Imperial House of Romanoff. His engagement first to one Princess, then to another, was constantly rumoured in Russian Society, when suddenly it became known in St. Petersburg and Berlin that the young Grand Duke, having obtained leave from the Emperor to spend the winter at Cannes, in order that he might be near

to resign his position in the Russian Army, and he was informed that he must consider himself as banished from his native country.

Fortunately for the married lovers, the Grand Duke Michael was and is possessed of a large private fortune, and within a very few months of his marriage he and the Countess Torby arranged to spend their period of exile between Cannes, the delightful French town which is becoming more and more of a Russian colony each winter, and Wiesbaden, where the Countess's father lives and where she spent her youth.

The Grand Duke's eldest child, a girl, is the goddaughter of the Prince of Wales and of her aunt, the Grand Duchess of Mecklenburg-Schwerin, after whom she was named. The little Countess Anastasia



Countess "Zoda."

Countess "Zio."

Mdlle. Zola de Stockl  
(Daughter of Baron de Stockl).

### THE TWO ELDER CHILDREN OF THE GRAND DUKE MICHAEL OF RUSSIA.

*The other is under twelve months old, and therefore may not be photographed. This photograph is by W. Bates, Chertsey.*

his only sister, the Grand Duchess of Mecklenburg-Schwerin, had taken the opportunity to get married, at San Remo, to the beautiful Countess Sophie of Merenberg.

The Countess Torby, as the Grand Duke's wife is now called, is related through her father, Prince Nicholas of Nassau, to many of the Crowned Heads of Europe. She is the niece and namesake of the Queen of Sweden, and from childhood the children of Prince Nicholas of Nassau and the Countess of Merenberg (*née* Puschkin, for the Countess Torby is the granddaughter of Russia's great writer) moved in the best Royal world. These various facts, however, do not seem to have mitigated the late Czar's anger; the Imperial bridegroom was compelled

is a lovely child, devoted to animals, especially to dogs, her favourite companion being a clever fox-terrier presented to her some time ago by her godfather, the Prince of Wales. The little Countess's brother and playfellow, Count Michael of Merenberg, was born at Wiesbaden, and his christening was attended by many notable people, including the young Grand Duchess of Hesse, who became the godmother of her tiny cousin.

It is hardly necessary to state that the Grand Duke Michael and the Countess Torby were accompanied to England, where they have spent this last summer, by their children, to whom they are tenderly devoted—indeed, it would be difficult to imagine a more charming family group than the lovely Countess and her pretty children.



HIS IMPERIAL HIGHNESS THE GRAND DUKE MICHAEL OF RUSSIA,  
WHO HAS JUST CONCLUDED HIS STAY WITH H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES AT SEMLEY.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY W. HATES, CHERTSEY.



## OFF TO THE FRONT.

*From Photographs by Gregory, Strand.*

THE 3RD GRENADIERS: "PREPARE FOR CAVALRY."



THE 3RD GRENADIERS: VOLLEY-FIRING.

*(See "The Sketch" Appreciation of this fine regiment on the opposite page.)*

## THE BRITISH GRENADIERS.

"With a ta-ra, ta-ra, ta-ra, for the British Grenadiers!"

Since the formation of the Brigade, it is safe to assert that—with the sole exception of the Indian Mutiny and Afghan campaigns—no warlike operations on a large scale have been undertaken by our arms without at least one battalion of the Foot Guards being engaged therein. Particularly does this contention apply to the senior of the three regiments into which the Brigade is divided—the Grenadiers, and within the last few days the 3rd battalion of this famous corps has again been called upon to serve in "the far-flung battle-line." For this reason, accordingly, they have just sailed from Gibraltar (whither they proceeded from London on the 23rd ult.) to form a portion of the Army Corps that Sir Redvers Buller is to lead against the Boer forces in South Africa. Here they may confidently be expected to add still further to the goodly list of honours inscribed on the regimental colours, which already bear such glorious names as those of Blenheim, Ramillies, Oudenarde, Malplaquet, Dettingen, Corunna, Barrosa, Peninsula, Waterloo, Alma, Inkerman, Egypt, and Khartoum. A splendid record—England has reason to be proud of her Guards!

Previous to the closing years of the seventeenth century, Grenadiers do not appear to have been recognised as part and parcel of our military system. Towards the end of the century, however, among the host of Army reforms then introduced was the one which provided for the formation of complete companies of soldiers who should be armed with hand-grenades. Such men naturally came to be called Grenadiers, and, as their special duty required them to be always in the forefront of the fighting line, they composed a *corps d'élite*. Their gallantry and prowess in the battlefield soon won them the highest praise, and, very shortly after their institution, the name and fame of the "British Grenadiers" were known and respected all over the Continent. When, in course of time, hand-grenades were superseded by more deadly lethal weapons, the title of "Grenadier" still remained and has ever since been attached to the first of the three regiments of Foot Guards in our service.

At the present time, the regiment, as a whole, has for its Colonel-in-Chief His Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge, who was appointed to this position so long ago as Dec. 15, 1861. After him comes Lieut.-Colonel the Hon. H. F. Eaton, commanding the regiment and the regimental district, while at the head of the 3rd Battalion (whose embarkation took place last Wednesday) is Lieut.-Colonel Eyre M. S. Crabbe. Among the officers under him is Major Charles Fergusson, D.S.O., who distinguished himself so highly in last year's Soudan campaign. A host of other Grenadiers, however, have also been selected for service in South Africa, and included therein one may mention the names of Major H. Stratfield (A.D.C. to Lord Methuen), Count Gleichen, and Lord Edward Cecil, D.S.O. All the foregoing have already seen fighting in Egypt.

Like its other two battalions, the 3rd Grenadiers have for their badge a grenade embroidered on their collars. Their crest, however, is distinctive, and, in the language of heraldry, is described as follows: "Gules (crimson) in the centre the Royal Cypher reversed and interlaced; in the dexter canton the Union, and issuing therefrom, in bend dexter, a pile wavy or." To the uninitiated, perhaps, this may not convey very much, but to the learned in these matters the official description should make the appearance of the design sufficiently clear.

As the *raison d'être* of the Brigade is to act as a personal or body guard to the Sovereign, Guards regiments are not, as a general rule, available for garrison service in places other than those in which a Royal residence is established. For this reason, the only stations in the United Kingdom in which they are liable to be quartered are London, Windsor, and Dublin. Early in the present century, however, both Winchester and Chichester were also considered as "Guards' stations." Quite recently, too, the Brigade has been required to take its turn with the Line in performing a tour of duty in Gibraltar.

Despite their conservatism, the Grenadiers, like other regiments in our service, have changed considerably with the times. How greatly this is the case is best seen by an examination of the old regimental records. Thus, in one of these volumes, dated 1865, one comes upon the following rather grim announcement. It is concerned with the official functions of that important individual, the Drum-Major, and directs that, among other duties—

he will superintend punishment practice once a month, and will be held strictly responsible that the cats are in proper order, and will count the lashes at punishment parades. He will mark men with the letters D. and B.C. ["Deserter" and "Bad Character."] ordered to be so marked by Court-martial.

Other entries in this interesting work deal with what may be regarded as the domestic arrangements in force among the Grenadiers at this period. Thus the investigator learns that in 1865 a member of the regiment was supplied every year with a pair of trousers, valued at 12s. 6d., and a stock, costing 5s. 3d. Bearskins appear to have been considerably cheaper then than they are now, for five-and-thirty years ago the cost of a busby was but £4, whereas at the present time it is a good deal nearer a ten-pound note. The same instructive pages also inform one that the weekly deduction from the pay of the rank-and-file, on account of messing and washing, was 5s. When one's professional income is only 1s. 2d. per diem, a debit of this magnitude is rather a serious matter, and enables a civilian to realise very plainly how great a boon the introduction of the system of free-messing throughout the Army has been to all concerned.

SECOND BATTALION DEVONSHIRE REGIMENT  
(ELEVENTH FOOT).

A Devonshire man is the commander of our troops in the Transvaal, and more sturdy Devonians—the 2nd Battalion of the regiment that takes its name from that county—have followed him thither.

True to their motto, "*Semper fidelis*," both battalions have carried their victorious colours to the farthest limits of our Empire, and again we find them, ready and steady, guarding the frontier of Natal against the aggressions of a people that know not what freedom means and that regard not the fundamental principles of humanity.

Conspicuous amongst the names of those who fought for the honour of England in the days of old is that of Captain Wren of the 2nd Battalion. It was in May 1811, when the 2nd Battalion were in garrison at Gibraltar, the 1st being actively engaged against the French in the Peninsula, that the Light Company of the 2nd Battalion, under Captain Wren, was despatched to assist in the defence of Tarifa. This small town, garrisoned by about 2500 men, of whom 700 were Spaniards, under Colonel Skerret, of the 47th Foot, was scarcely expected to offer any resistance. Encircled merely by an ancient archery wall, connected by towers, without a ditch, and so thin that it could offer no resistance even against field-guns, the garrison, nevertheless, withstood repeated attacks from a force of from 7000 to 11,000 French for nearly a month, and ultimately obliged them to raise the siege. A final attempt at carrying the town by assault resulted in terrible slaughter to the French—the ground from their camp to the walls being left literally covered with killed and wounded. The Light Company found congenial work in constantly harrying the French outposts.

On one occasion, Captain Wren and his dashing little band surprised a French picket, the whole of whom were bayoneted or made prisoners; for this feat Captain Wren was thanked in General Orders. The very next night Captain Wren and his company again made an excursion against the enemy's outposts, and drove them in. A French Sergeant, seeing Captain Wren at some distance from his men, accompanied only by Sergeant H. Jones, attacked them. His attempt to fire failed, as his musket would not go off, so he closed with them, making a savage thrust at Captain Wren. Sergeant Jones parried, and ran the Frenchman through the body. This happened in full view of both armies. Captain Wren then directed the Frenchman to be deprived of his knapsack, &c., which were given to Sergeant Jones before the assembled company, with appropriate words of thanks for his gallantry by Captain Wren. The Light Company were again thanked in General Orders. Captain Wren eventually died of wounds received at the Battle of Pampeluna on July 30, 1813. The Light Company, more fortunate than the remainder of the 2nd Battalion, which was still at Gibraltar, with a detachment at Ceuta, followed the fortunes of the 1st Battalion through the hard-fought battles of the Peninsula. It was at Salamanca that the Light Company, with their 1st Battalion, earned the highest praise that a commander can bestow. Winning their way "through a fire such as only British soldiers can sustain," according to Colonel Napier's History of the Peninsular War, they saw their efforts crowned with success, and the French flying in wild confusion. Terrible indeed were their losses that day, and it was to but a small remnant of a fine regiment that Major-General Hulse addressed the following words: "Major Newman, it is impossible for me to find words to express my admiration of the glorious conduct of your regiment this day, but let every individual of the corps conceive everything that is gallant and brave and apply it to himself."

Through hard fights, and long, weary marches, with their enemy constantly retreating before them, we find the Light Company of the 2nd Battalion at last pursuing the French among the wild regions of the Pyrenees. Shoulder to shoulder, step by step, with their 1st Battalion, we see Lieutenant Gethin tearing down the French colours on the cavalier of the citadel of Nivelle.

This 2nd Battalion was raised to relieve the strain on the 1st Battalion caused by the Napoleonic wars, and was first embodied in 1808. In 1809 they took part in the taking of Flushing, and returned home with the Walcheren Expedition. Shortly after their arrival they were ordered to London, where considerable excitement prevailed, owing to the House of Commons having confined one of its members, Sir Francis Burdett, in the Tower. In 1811 the 2nd Battalion embarked for Cadiz, but their passage was delayed by contrary winds. When at last they did get under way, misfortune seemed to pursue them, for the morning after they put out, H.M.'s Frigate *Franchise*, conveying them, ran down one of the transports, the *John and Jane*. Five officers, 208 men, women, and children, were lost. The few who were saved from the wreck of the *John and Jane* were taken back to Plymouth, but were drowned through the capsizing of a boat that was taking them to another transport. After landing at Cadiz, the 2nd Battalion marched to Gibraltar, and stayed there till relieved by the 1st Battalion in 1816. During their stay at Gibraltar they found detachments for Ceuta.

On being relieved by their 1st Battalion, the 2nd Battalion returned home, and, as the establishment was being reduced, were disbanded. Subsequent troubles called the 2nd Battalion to life again, and their record shows what they have since done for the safety of our possessions across the seas. The spirit of men like Captain Wren and his gallant "Light Bobs" still lives in the men of Devon, as those who insult Englishwomen and maltreat Englishmen will learn to their cost. Whether pursuing the French among the wild valleys of the Pyrenees or chasing Boers from behind the boulders of their savage country, the men of Devon are "*Semper fidelis*."





MR. C. HAYDEN COFFIN,  
THE POPULAR SINGER OF STIRRING WAR-DITTIES, NOW PLAYING THE LOVER BOBBEE IN "SAN TOY," AT DALY'S THEATRE.  
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY ALFRED ELLIS AND WALERY, BAKER STREET, W.



MISS TOPSY SINDEN,  
WHO DANCES BEAUTIFULLY AND MAKES A FASCINATING LADY OF THE COURT IN "SAN TOY," AT DALY'S THEATRE.  
FROM ' PHOTOGRAPH BY W. AND D. DOWNEY, EBURY STREET, S.W.





MAJOR LORD EDWARD CECIL (SON OF THE MARQUIS OF SALISBURY),  
WHO IS NOW GALLANTLY SUPPORTING COLONEL BADEN-POWELL AT MAFEKING.  
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY LAFAYETTE, OF NEW BOND STREET AND DUBLIN.



COLONEL A. H. PAGET,  
WHO SAILED FOR SOUTH AFRICA, ON SATURDAY WEEK, IN COMMAND OF THE SCOTS GUARDS.  
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY LAFAYETTE, OF NEW BOND STREET AND DUBLIN



## A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL.

## HER ONLY CHANCE.

BY GRACE FORDHAM-SPENCE.

"Three *sacs* of bonbons. One for you, Madame, one for you, Mdlle. Eulalie, and one for you, Mdlle. Gabrielle. They came with this white lilac from Monsieur Allard."

Madame put by her *sac* unopened. Eulalie, a tall, well-built girl, with handsome, regular features, dressed as richly as would be becoming in a *demoiselle à marier*, opened the one that bore her name daintily embroidered on it, took out a sweet, and then began to arrange the lilac. Gabrielle found it difficult to untie the gold-stranded string round the neck of the *sac*, and went to her work-basket at the other end of the room for a knitting-needle. There were signs of excitement in the agreeable but not pretty face of the girl, who, indeed, had nothing but a fine pair of eyes and look of good-nature to atone for heavy features, colourless face, and dull hair. Her short, rather squab figure was little aided by her somewhat unfashionable frock. A minute later, she was really pretty—for a moment—as her eyes eagerly gazed at a letter that she drew out of the bag. She uttered a little cry, and then ran forward.

"Oh, but look here, auntie; look at this!" Suddenly, an air of dismay came over her. "It can't be for me," she continued: "it must be for you, Eulalie."

The aunt read the letter, or rather, note, aloud—

"*MADemoisELLE*,—I take this opportunity of telling you what you must have guessed—that I love you. It is my intention to make a formal demand of your hand in marriage. However, my long residence in England has made me feel that I should not do so without knowing whether the proposal would be agreeable—I durst not put it higher—to you. I know this is an unusual step to take; you must ascribe it to my unusual training. This afternoon, when I present myself, I trust you will give me some sign whether you are willing. I should ask the question on which depends the happiness of my life.—Believe me, *MADemoiselle*, yours more passionately than it would be becoming for me to say,  
"GEORGES ALLARD."

"Oh, Gabrielle," cried both of the others, "how strange and how fortunate!" "And," Madame continued, "he is a far better *parti* than you could have dreamed of, and a charming fellow."

"But it must have been meant for Eulalie."

All three examined the *sacs*, and Gabrielle examined her heart as well. Certainly there was no mistake about the heart, apparently none about the *sacs*.

"Your uncle," said Madame Goudinet, "will be delighted; and I suppose," she added quizzically, "that the blush in your cheek, Gabrielle, may be taken as a sign of acquiescence?"

The blush burnt deeper.

"Come," said Eulalie; "whilst mamma is talking to father about it, I'll make you look as smart as possible. We haven't too much time, for I expect your"—and she paused maliciously—"prétendu will be here at five o'clock."

The girls ran off together, and Madame Goudinet went to the library in which her husband never read anything. She told him about the wonderful good-fortune of Gabrielle and themselves, for Gabrielle, penniless, plain, orphan daughter of M. Goudinet's only brother, seemed likely to be left on their hands, unless they were willing to give a *dot* so large as to interfere with Eulalie's chance of making a brilliant marriage. Now, Allard was a young engineer of excellent family, with a good character, a fair fortune, and splendid prospects. Indeed, to use M. Goudinet's phrase, the young man could easily have got a girl with a dowry of a million francs, and good looks into the bargain, and yet he was proposing for a girl with no money and little beauty.

"It's lucky," said Madame Goudinet, "that the young fellow has no near relatives alive, for they would be down on us in twenty-four hours, talking about a *dot* and asking questions."

"Beautiful idea that of the English," murmured Monsieur, "to marry without question of *dot* and simply for love; but I think I shall change my idea about sending our Gaston to study in England—a dangerous country! However, we must act handsomely, and I'll give her a fine trousseau and twenty thousand francs."

At a quarter to five M. Allard was announced. The salon was half-full of members of the Goudinet family, for it was the birthday of M. Goudinet as well as New Year's Day. No one knew the secret, since M. Goudinet determined to contrive a little poetic *coup de théâtre* for the benefit of the family. Everybody was whispering about the unwonted prettiness of Gabrielle. Eulalie had not come down; she had taken so much time arranging Gabrielle that she was late over her own toilette.

M. Allard entered: a good-looking fellow, dressed in English style, with a manly air and a nervous manner. M. Goudinet advanced to the door impressively and grasped his hand—"une bonne poignée de main à l'Anglaise."

"My friends," he said, turning round and making a sweeping oratorical gesture with his right hand, "I am going to give you a charming surprise, a poetic emotion, not undramatic, a delightful instance of one of the good qualities of a sister nation."

M. Allard, who at first looked horribly ill at ease, began to beam with a joy obvious to everybody who gazed at him. Nobody looked at Gabrielle, who was standing beside Madame Goudinet with downcast eyes.

"My friends," continued M. Goudinet in his most senatorial manner, "Monsieur Allard has to-day made a demand of marriage in the most delightful style, and it is with the utmost pleasure that Madame Goudinet and I accede to his request."

The radiant look in the young man's face was delightful to see. The girl leaned against her aunt for support.

"Come here, my dear," called out M. Goudinet; "come here."

Madame Goudinet led her forward.

For the first time during the scene M. Allard saw her. In a second his eyes searched the whole room. The colour fled from his face; he gazed at the girl as if he were a man gazing at death.

"Monsieur Allard, my dear nephew," said M. Goudinet, joining the hands of the two young people, "embrassez votre fiancée."

There was a long pause—thrillingly long. The man was gazing at the girl's face, a strange look in his. She raised her eyes, the beautiful eyes her one charm, eyes then brilliant with happiness and affection. He bent forward to kiss her forehead. Suddenly she started, giving a cry of pain.

"Oh, you have hurt my hand, Monsieur: you have pressed it so hard!"

He tried to stammer an excuse. Her eyes were fixed on his face. Ere he had uttered two words she interrupted—

"Monsieur Allard, was there no mistake? Was the letter in the right *sac*? Was it meant for me?"

He gasped and stuttered.

"What does this mean?" asked M. Goudinet.

"Uncle, it means there is a mistake. I saw in his eyes that he does not love me."

"What does this mean?" said M. Goudinet sharply to the young man.

"There was a mistake," said the young man mournfully. "Goodness knows how it happened! The letter was meant for your daughter."

"Well, but—," interposed M. Goudinet.

"But," continued the young man with dignity, "when I saw what a mistake there was, and the fault was mine; when I guessed, too, I hope fatuously, that Mdlle. Gabrielle had some liking for me, and knew she was willing to accept me, I determined, as a true Frenchman, to take the happiness offered to me, even if it were not that which I sought, and carry the secret of my mistake to the grave."

Everybody was profoundly moved—the ladies, all of them, to tears.

"I am still ready," said the young man, with trembling voice; but Gabrielle interrupted him.

"I know what I lose," said the poor girl, the words forcing themselves painfully from her; "but I will not be ungenerous. As Monsieur Allard does not love me, I will not be his wife, since he seeks love in marriage."

M. Goudinet had been whispering to his wife. Once more came an oratorical wave of the right arm.

"My friends—," he said. At that moment the door was opened and Eulalie came in.

"My friends, Monsieur Allard has just shown himself a Frenchman with all the grand old traditions of our race. I had aspired—legitimately, I trust—to a more brilliant marriage for my daughter; but how could she do better than wed a man of such noble nature, and so, if it be agreeable to Eulalie, I shall have the honour of calling him my son-in-law instead of my nephew."

Two minutes later the virginal brow of Miss Eulalie was decorated with the betrothal kiss that had almost fallen by accident to the lot of Gabrielle.

## THE STAGE SOCIETY.

Sunday performances at the theatres have hitherto been conspicuously absent in English life, even with the most enthusiastic followers of the drama, although Sunday performances are habitually given in the West of America, and variety entertainments are occasionally given for benefit purposes in New York. Private enterprise, however, in the shape of a new Society, the Stage Society, will reform this custom by giving several Sunday performances during the course of the year. The Society, whose Managing Committee includes the names of such well-known actors as Mr. James Welch, Mr. Laurence Irving, and Mr. Charles Charrington, with a Reading and Advising Committee on which are Miss Janet Achurch, Messrs. Walter Crane, Arnold Dolmetsch, C. Lewis Hind, Henry Holiday, and Sydney Olivier, with Mrs. Grant Richards, Mrs. G. Bernard Shaw, Mrs. F. A. Steele, and Mr. Ernest E. S. Williams as Honorary Secretary, will start its proceedings by producing, on Nov. 19, Mr. George Bernard Shaw's four-act comedy, "You Never Can Tell." This will be followed on Dec. 17 by Ibsen's five-act comedy, "The League of Youth," and this will be succeeded on Jan. 21 by Mr. Sydney Olivier's domestic drama in four acts, "Mrs. Maxwell's Marriage." The subscription is two guineas a year, and the number of members is limited to three hundred. As the Society meets on Sunday and no money is taken at the doors, the performances are, in the nature of things, entirely private, and presumably, therefore, will be quite valueless for the purpose of copyright. As they will allow many actors who are otherwise engaged to take part in them if they are so minded, authors may be able to get excellent casts for their plays, which will enable their possibilities to be shown to the best advantage.

## THE POOR MAN'S COLLEGE AT OXFORD.

## A VISIT TO RUSKIN HALL.

Jude Fawley, in Thomas Hardy's recent novel, found that the walls of Oxford were unassailable by a working-man. As "All Sorts and Conditions of Men" had its sequel in the People's Palace at Mile End, so "Jude the Obscure" has been even more quickly followed by Ruskin Hall at Oxford, although, I suppose, Mr. Hardy cannot claim, like Sir Walter Besant, the honour of paternity. Ruskin Hall is the outcome of a movement on the part of several American admirers of the author of "Unto this Last," who were anxious to do something to realise in England the ideals of their prophet. Mr. Walter Vrooman, of St. Louis, their leader, came to England about twelve months ago, and submitted to the principal labour organisations and their leaders his plans for a Poor Man's College in "the City of Light." They were so favourably received that he was prompted at once to practical action, and the College has now been at work for about six months.

It occupies a house—14, St. Giles Street—which has some Ruskinian associations. A few years ago it was the residence of a distinguished member of the University, and Mr. Ruskin was frequently his guest. The house, which was taken by Mr. Vrooman on a lease from Balliol College, is rather the worse for wear, and money has by no means, I found, been lavished on its furnishing. But it is pleasantly situated in the quietude of the broad, classic thoroughfare, amidst trees and ivy-clad walls. For the rest, it is not—as the visitor is soon made aware—



RUSKIN HALL, OXFORD.

an expensive philanthropic fad. The building being provided, the students themselves do the rest, nothing but contributions to the library being asked for from the British public. Ten shillings a-week is paid by each man for board, lodging, and washing, and ten shillings a-month for lectures. As no servants are kept, every student is expected to take his share in the domestic work of the house. It was estimated that this would require about two hours' manual labour, on the average, every day; experience has shown that half-an-hour is sufficient. It is the Poor Man's College, but paid for in the main by the poor man himself.

The promoters of Ruskin Hall have taken as their motto this sentence from the Master's "Ethics of the Dust": "Briefly, the constant duty of every man to his fellows is to ascertain his own powers and special gifts, and to strengthen them for the help of others." From this dictum may almost be said to follow their declared object, not that a man should rise out of his class, but that "each man, by raising himself, may help to raise, through influence or precept, the whole class to which he belongs." Accordingly, it is not technical education or professional training which Ruskin Hall offers, although tuition will be given there on any subject which may be desired. The syllabus, so far, comprises history, political

science, science, psychology, philosophy, literature, art, and modern languages. A considerable part of the tuition is given by Mr. Dennis Hird, M.A., the Warden, and Mr. C. A. Beard, the Correspondent; among



THE WARDEN (MR. DENNIS HIRD, M.A.) AND STUDENTS IN THE GARDEN OF RUSKIN HALL.

FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY HILLS AND SAUNDERS, OXFORD.



the other lecturers being the Rev. W. Downing, A. J. Hacking, M.A., Hugh F. Hall, B.A., and F. W. Galton. Manchester College has invited the Ruskin Hall students to lectures by the Rev. J. E. Carpenter, M.A., and the Rev. Philip F. Wicksteed, M.A. Miss Keddie (Sarah Tytler) has given a course of tuition on historical novels, while the ladies of the Backworth Club have taken in hand "The Writings of John Ruskin" and "Art and Architecture in Oxford," the latter subject being illustrated by visits to the colleges, museums, &c., of the ancient city.

Ruskin Hall can take twenty-four students at one time, and, so far, there have been more applicants than vacancies. "Moral character and ability to read intelligently" are the only qualifications, there being no age limit or creed test. A man may go there for a week, a month, or a year, according to his opportunities, although it is believed that in most cases the stay will extend into months. The majority of the present students are artisans from the North of England in whom the Board School has instilled a desire for the higher culture, London being also well represented. In some cases, their employers, taking a sympathetic interest in the matter, have given them leave of absence for six or twelve months; in other cases, fortified by a little saving, they have risked the loss of their employment for the sake of a brief time of intellectual luxury.

It is practically a self-governing little community. A small committee of management is elected each week. It arranges the rota of work, according to which A and B cook the dinner, C makes the beds, D washes the floor, and so on. It likewise buys the food, subject, of course, to certain financial limitations, and arranges every other detail for the welfare of the inmates. The only restriction imposed excludes alcoholic liquor, and the Warden assured me that the affairs of no household could be more smoothly regulated. Every man passes the time as he pleases, and his only complaint is that some will read too much. In accordance with the Oxford practice, the afternoon should be sacred to physical exercise, and most of the students do spend it in playing football, rowing, or walking. At the time of my visit, tea was taking place in the garden of Ruskin Hall, and the talk appeared to be partly of the afternoon's recreations. One or two students, I learned, were reading for a degree, and they often had to be reminded that the body as well as the brain requires exercise.

The Poor Man's College seems to have started under the fairest auspices. It is an experiment full of the richest possibilities. The real test of its success will come when the students return to their work-a-day world after their term of college life. The danger is not so much that there will be intellectual backsliding—this will be guarded against by correspondence classes and "students' alliances," as well as by attendance at University Extension lectures. But the question arises—What view are they likely to take back with them of life and its possibilities? Mr. Dennis Hird told me that in one or two of the students he had detected intellectual powers of a high order. When they realise their possession, it would be only natural if these working-men sought to use them for their social advancement. To the extent to which this occurs the avowed intention of the founders of Ruskin Hall will, of course, be defeated. But whether it tends or not to "implant in the working classes of England a leaven of men who will bring to their daily work wider minds and artistic perception," the Poor Man's College must, it would seem, have another result scarcely less valuable. It will become a most important agency in the training of labour leaders and the making of workmen as M.P.'s. From that point of view, at least, the curriculum of Ruskin Hall has been wisely planned.

FREDERICK DOLMAN.

### MR. J. F. BYRNE.

Mr. J. F. Byrne, the famous International Rugby Football player, has announced his intention of retiring from active football. There is no doubt whatever that Fred Byrne at his best was one of the finest full-backs—if not the finest—that have ever stepped on to a football-field, and he has done splendid service for England in International fixtures, and for Moseley, which he so successfully captained. He has had a brilliant career, having played for England on no less than thirteen occasions, captaining his side in 1898. This speaks for itself! He has been connected with Moseley R.F.C. since the season 1890-1, and played for the Midland Counties in the same season; and he also figured in the South Trial-matches, although he was not given his cap until 1893-4. His form was considered so good that in the same season he represented England against Wales, and rendered a capital account of himself.

On several subsequent occasions he represented England as full-back. In the winter of 1896 he went to South Africa as a member of the English team, playing mostly at centre three-quarter, however. He was invariably conspicuous. Byrne turned out for England in 1898 in all the International fixtures, and played against Ireland in 1899. But a player, no matter how good, cannot retain International form for ever, and against Scotland Gamlin replaced him. When at his best, Byrne's kicking was marvellous, almost invariably finding touch, and, as Mr. Frank Mitchell has aptly described, his splendid kicking was accomplished by means of a flick of the leg rather than a heavy sweep. He also tackled well, and knew the game thoroughly. In these days of professionalism, we want more men of the Fred Byrne stamp. Mr. Byrne is just now in South Africa, and is engaged to Miss Blanche More, of Kimberley, South Africa, daughter of Mr. J. T. More, Assistant Traffic-manager of the Cape Railways. He is to be married in December at Kimberley, and returns to England during January 1900. Every reader of *The Sketch* will offer their congratulations.

### IN THE TERMINUS RESTAURANT.

At the Metropolitan terminus of the London Slowness and Coastline Railway, five minutes' search reveals a time-worn, fusty porter, who states in slow, surly tone that the next train to my destination will start in an hour and a-half. He declines to express an opinion about the side of the station from which it will depart, and disappears into the Cimmerian gloom. There's husbandry in this railway station, and on Sunday nights, when the trains are few and far between, the lights are kept low. By this device expenditure in gas or electricity is reduced to a minimum, and the unhappy traveller who seeks repose and light must lie him to the restaurant. Past its swing-doors there is light in plenty, shining upon walls covered with advertisements, upon the high, mirrored bar-shelf where bottles reflect the glare, upon the long bar covered with glass, and upon the tired barmaids who vainly try to affect an interest in their manifold labours.

Patrons crowd, two and three deep, round the haven of drink; late arrivals are like the first dove sent forth from the Ark—they find no resting-place for the soles of their feet. They wander round and round, waiting for somebody in the front row to retire; but, as everybody has to wait at least an hour for the train, there is no hurry to leave any coign of vantage. Only the half-dozen dirty white marble tables are empty, and I find a seat at one of these. Instantly, two waiters, whose shirt-fronts, serviettes, and complexions evince a marked aversion from water and soap, bear down upon me. I order a plate of anything ready, and they bring it to me. It looks like some delicacy stolen from a property banquet at Drury Lane pantomime, but, as I never had any intention of eating it, there is no occasion for surprise. To the stout waiter's profound disgust, I order a bottle of soda-water to supplement the feast, and hear him whisper his long companion in derisive tone, "One o' them temperance gents."

There are four barmaids—I can see right down the bar; one is an houri, rather pale and a trifle faded, but an houri. The three others are—half-houris.

Accordingly the houri does the largest business, and is engaged in three conversations at one time—one with a poet whose pretty verse is in demand in the land of comic opera, another with a person who looks like a commercial traveller, and the third with a public-school boy. Around them is a varied crowd. There is an absurdly stout old lady, the strength of whose constitution is vouched for by the brisk way in which she eats the restaurant's sandwiches and drinks hot spirit-and-water. By her side some belated Phyllis and Strephon attack buns and milk, though I hasten to add that Strephon skins the buns for self and partner, leaving the hard brown shell on the marble, to the unfeigned amusement of the half-houri who waits upon them.

A busy man eats sponge-cakes and drinks port-wine. A mother of a family regales herself and a small, meek husband with cakes and ginger-beer, and passes homœopathic doses to sleepy but expectant olive-branches in the rear. A clergyman, young and nervous, peeps through the swing-door, makes a hurried rush at a vacant place, and asks for a glass of milk. Unhappily, he finds himself next to a veritable pair of coster lovers: Harriet with a matinée-hat replete with plumes of the ostrich, Harry in a loud check with big buttons. They are enjoying beer—to them Bitter is sweet—and Harry, having had more than is absolutely necessary, remarks to the curate, who is lingering over his milk, "Mind it don't git in yer 'ed, guv'nor!" The reverend gentleman blushes deeply, pays speedily, and shakes the unholy dust from off his feet, to be succeeded by a red-faced man, who calls for a special whisky in a tone suggesting that the request embodies a rare joke. Two fishermen, with rods and baskets, are the centres of attraction. They have secured some half-dozen small carp and perch as the result of a day's labour, and talk in tones unnecessarily loud of the big baskets that have rewarded their efforts on other occasions. At last, a horsey person, with pink tie, and hat well over one side of his head, remarks to the bigger fiction-monger, "I'd like to hear you when you've got one o' them baskets a bit fuller, Mister." The remark seems harmless, but the underlying suggestion avails to turn the attention of the fishermen to their glasses. At this moment, a tall man with a high complexion, a good-looking face spoiled by a weak mouth, and a somewhat sporting cut about his clothes, arrives at the bar, and, with friendly impatience, elbows his way towards the corner where the houri administers to the thirst of a dozen and holds conversation with three. Down to the present she has been listless and mechanical in her work; she suddenly brightens up as she returns the new-comer's greeting. In five short minutes, poet, commercial traveller, and public-school boy retire—frozen out.

The sportsman has done his work so effectually that every man in the vicinity knows that the smiles of the houri are now bent upon her choice. Two young women from the country who have been sipping ginger-beer regard him with such open-mouthed admiration that the houri asks them pointedly to make way for other people if they have finished their beer, and they subside, well-nigh suffocated in blushes. The half-houris shoot stray glances towards the corner of the bar; after all, they are only mortal, and the sportsman is nearly six feet high, broad in proportion, and has a fine flowing moustache. He takes one special whisky, and, at his invitation, the houri does the same; then he takes another, and, finally, a third. It needs no great physiognomist to say he has devoted some years to taking special whiskies in dangerous profusion.

But the stout waiter has been watching me with deep distrust; I rise and pay for my refreshment. "Ain't you going to eat that patty?" he asks, and being told I am not, dusts the edge of the plate carefully, and takes it back to serve some other customer in days to come.



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FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY JANA, BEDFORD STREET, STRAND.

# "THE SKET

## A SQUARE DANCE

BY WADHAM PEACOCK.

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CHARACTERS: CAPTAIN ANTHONY WILSFORD  
DURRINGTON.

SCENE: *A conservatory leading out of Lady Amesbury's room. Easy-chairs arranged among the flowers and plants, and lighted with Japanese lanterns and fairy-lights.*

[Enter CAPTAIN WILSFORD c from ball-room]

CAPTAIN (*looking about*). Nobody here? No. Lucky! Phew! How hot it is in there! I hope I did not see me slip in here, or she'll be pursuing me as a terrible person as my partner in the Lancers. What on earth does anyone want to walk about in a complicated way for? I'd just as soon play live in this conservatory this; capital place for a chat! If I could have put some young married woman who can dance. Girls overdo it; they either pretend to know a little. Madge Durrington was a good sort of girl. That row, I might be a married man now. What a girls want to get married! And yet they're no good when they are married. When you come to think of it, it's awfully hard to get married. We bachelors owe them a lot. I dare not look for a matron; I should get caught. If I could only get a mind to—I wonder if anyone would smell it? Heavens! (*Takes out cigarette-case.*) They'll only think the place is fumigating the plants. (*Lights a cigarette.*) That would not play that beastly music, I could almost go to the Club.

[Enter MADGE DURRINGTON hurriedly from the door, comes down L.]

MADGE. Safe at last! I thought I never should see this ghastly Mr. Binks! Little bounder! There he is in the room with his chin in the air—looking for me, I suppose. A man who looks for one in that apologetic sort of way. Well, the music has begun now, and all the sets are here to have to dance it with him, and I don't suppose he'll be here. If he does, I'll crush him utterly for cutting me. This is a charming place! Dear Lady Amesbury is a charming person. But it's very stupid in here all alone. What a pity that the rare and the Mr. Binkses so common! Ah, if I had only known Ant—Captain Wilsford! He was a good sort; but he was wrong—men always are in the wrong, though they were he could be very nice, if he liked—and, somehow, he reminds me of him!

CAPTAIN. There's someone talking in here. I must come in. Some man who had the sense to make arrangements out the square, I suppose. Of course, it was too much for me. I should have this place all to myself. I wonder the people here. It's exactly the sort of place that the people here approve of. Hang it all! I don't want to be let in by these people. I don't see why I should go, though they are so nice, and I can't hear them, so I'll stop. Wonder if I can get a cigarette?

MADGE. There's somebody smoking in here. I don't know, of course, who thinks it too much trouble to dance. It can't be Mr. Binks; I've just seen him in the ball-room. I have a good mind to peep through the branches and see if I can catch him.

CAPTAIN. Odd, I don't hear a man's voice! They're all chattering about their frocks. Wonder if I know them. I'll take a look at them, and, if they don't look likely to shock me, I'll go and finish my cigarette.

MADGE. Yes, I will. (*Rises*) Of course, he is up in his cigarette to notice me.

CAPTAIN. They're moving. (*Rises.*) Smell tobacco? I'll go for a reconnoitre! (*Their eyes meet through the plants.*) Miss Durrington!

MADGE. Captain Wilsford! [*Pause.* Both look at each other.]

CAPTAIN. How do you do, Miss Durrington?

MADGE. Pretty well, thank you. (*A pause.*) Very nice.

CAPTAIN. Er—well? (*Holding his cigarette behind his back.*)

MADGE. Won't you go on with your cigarette?

CAPTAIN. I—oh, I'm awfully sorry! Did you know I had been smoking?

MADGE. Oh, not at all! I smelled it.

CAPTAIN. Really, I'd no idea! I must apologise.

MADGE. To Lady Amesbury's plants?

CAPTAIN. No; to you.

MADGE. You need not.

CAPTAIN. It's out now. (*Crushing cigarette.*)





























